

IN THE REALMS
OF
GOLD

BY

Lorenzo Sooso.

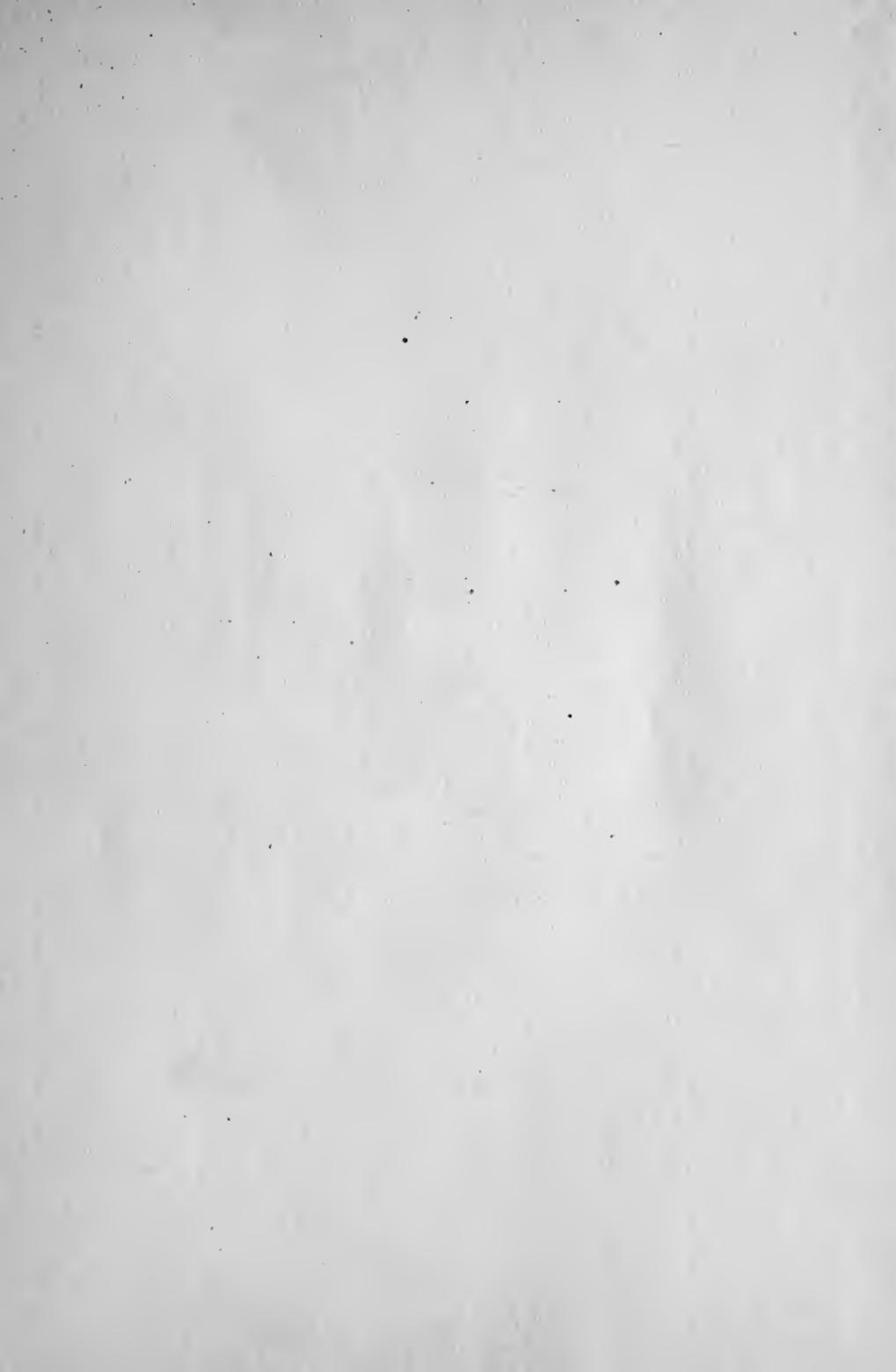


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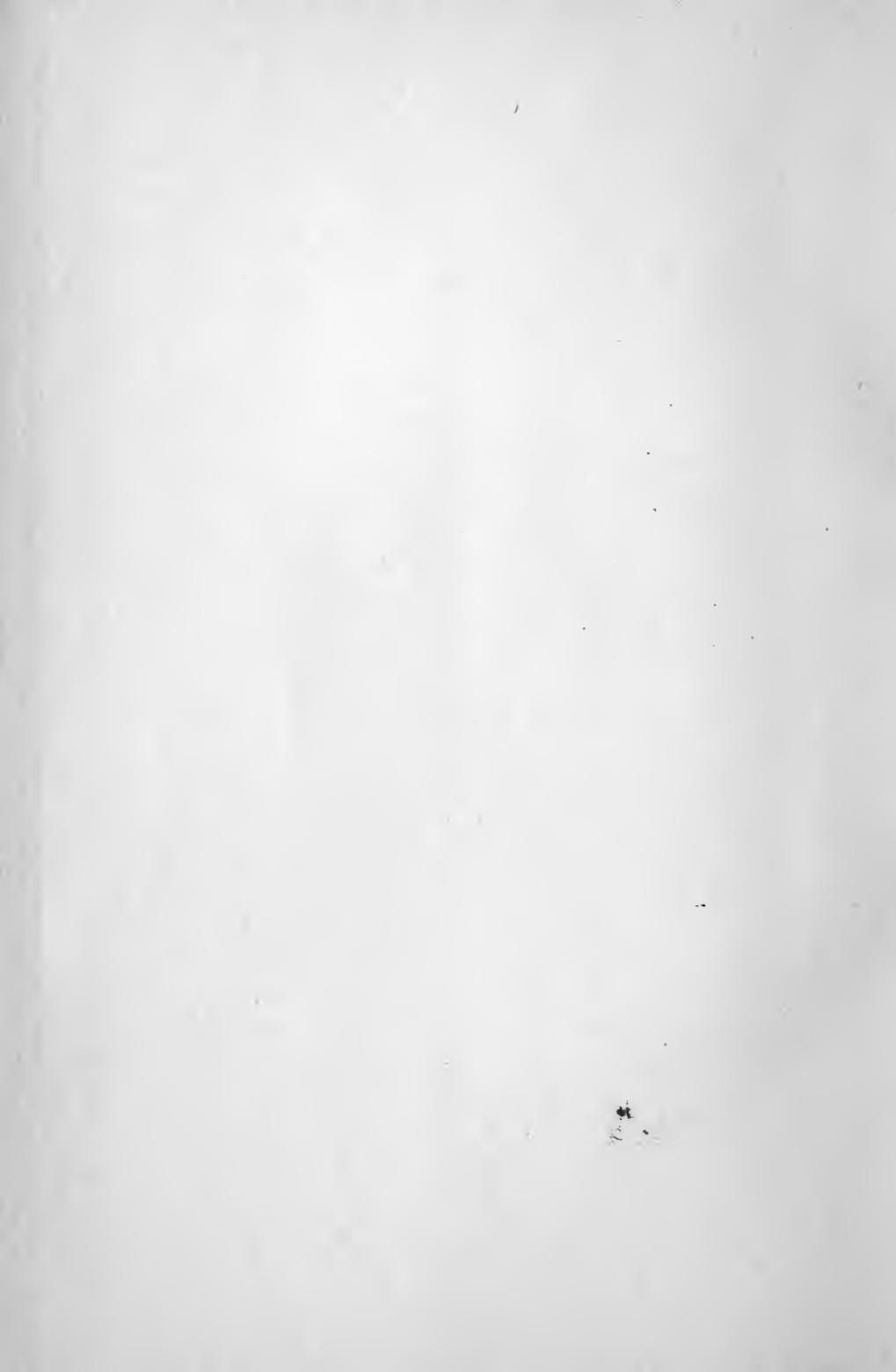
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IN THE REALMS OF GOLD







Cordially Yours,
Lorenzo Sosso.

IN THE REALMS OF GOLD

A BOOK OF VERSE

1891 - 1901

BY ✓

LORENZO SOSSO

13

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

—MILTON.



D. P. ELDER AND MORGAN SHEPARD

S A N F R A N C I S C O

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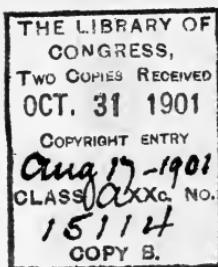


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DEDICATION

TO HER WHOSE FAITH IS STILL SECURE
THROUGH ALL INCERTITUDES OF LIFE,
THE MANY DAYS OF JOY, THE FEW
JOYLESS, SINCE SHE IS JOY THEREOF;
TO HER, THE PUREST OF THE PURE,
TO HER, THE TRUEST OF THE TRUE,
THE MOTHER WEDDED IN THE WIFE,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK WITH LOVE.

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In the Realms of Gold

PROEM

*Immortal Arbiters of Rhyme,
Who in your sunlit courts sublime
And vast tribunals of all time
Adjudicate
And render judgments to each Muse,
(Since life was never mine to choose)
Condemn me if with vain excuse
I plead that fate
Has bound me servitor to Song,
Welding the golden links so strong.*

*I wrought according to my might;
I sang according to my light;
Still looking upward to the height
To me denied.
If some with amplitude of power,
The minstrels of both court and bower,
To whom the Muses gave their dower
And glorified,
Have sung a mightier, loftier lay,
How could I cope with such as they?*

*No!— Yet though ever doomed to fail,
Still will I strive those heights to scale,
Till everlasting death prevail
Against my soul.
If lowly reverence such as mine
Can touch your natures so divine,
Assist me, goddesses benign,
To reach the goal.
Remote in glory though you are,
Still, still I hail thee from afar!*

THE OPEN DOOR

LO, at my open door I stand,
And to each guest,
As seemeth best,
Whether an enemy or friend,
I do extend
To each and all a welcome hand.

Frugal the fare upon the board:
No gorgeous feast
Is mine. At least,
Though every guest should go his way,
Some one may say,
“ My heart with his did well accord.”

If some perchance should then return
And find the door
Closed evermore—
And, silently communing, mark
How all is dark,
And seek the cause thereof to learn;

To such as these now speaks my heart,
O friends, that day
Ye went away
The light within my household died;
For so spake Pride,
“ Who love thee well will ne’er depart.”

AT THE THRESHOLD

DAILY I grow more conscious still
Of what vast work before me lies;
Of what vast duties to fulfill,
Impelling spirit to arise.

Have I surrendered? Have I grown
Oblivious to those duties near,
And wrought an idol out of stone
To which my spirit bowed in fear?

Have I forsaken what I knew
To be all Life's eternal truth,
Blazoned before my mortal view
In temporary days of youth?

Have I denied that God exists,
With pale lips trembling as they spoke,
Because surrounded by the mists
Which veiled my skies ere morning broke?

Have I defiantly expelled
Whatever calls to duty came;
And, by some subtler charm withheld,
Lispèd amorous complaints to fame?

O then forgive me! Ye who sway
Our frail mortalities of earth;
Which are but shadows of a day
To which a day has given birth.

*At the
Threshold*

Forgive me for the nobler vow
My lips articulate; my heart
Hath even consecrated now
To life's divinities of art.

The lucent orbs of night serene
Have made their benedictions mine:
The balmy winds that flute unseen
Their mystic melodies divine,

These hear me, these respond, evoked
By no weird music of the mind.
And ere the steeds of Morning, yoked,
Whose speed is swifter than the wind,

Trample with golden-shodded feet
Those paths but by immortals trod;
And fair Aurora comes to greet
Hyperion the matchless god;

I do my spirit prostrate lay,
As one departed being lies,
Before the portals of the day,
That God's light may pervade my eyes!

And so my resurrection seek
In that vast urn which Nature holds
In her eternal hands so meek,
Within whose self our self infolds.

She gives her benedictions thus;
Most potently her wondrous draught
The spirit doth revive in us,
When once our earthly lips have quaffed.

*At the
Threshold* Drained from the very light of light,
 An essence of essential things;
 That gives the spirit infinite
 Eternal regions for its wings

To spread in, to unfurl, to soar
Through limitless, intense, inane
Vast realms unbounded by a shore,
For any landmarks that remain.

Leave others anodynes demand,
To drowse in unconsuming sleep;
I still would climb — O God, Thy hand —
Height after height, steep after steep !

THE POET

SCORN not the poet, the immortal youth
Of all the ages: living to proclaim
The permanence of God and Love and Truth,
And whence this cosmos of creation came.

Whose Songs when fashioned from the heart of things,
Wrought by his soul through passionate desire,
Are to this world what all its luminous rings
Are unto Saturn, girdling it with fire.

ON KEATS

FAME that doth never quite recede with time,
Glory that lives
Through marvel of a music made sublime
 By what it gives—
All these he yearned and strove for. Though surpassed
 In power to do,
Vaster his Song's horizon spread, more vast
 His vision too.

But soon he faltered even where he trod,
 Nor worshiped long
Apollo; in divinity a god,
 A god of Song.
Then like a fadeless flower low he lay
 Amidst the weeds;
Pale in the purple sunrise of the day
 That broke his reeds.

And we who hear yet, as in some conch-shell
 Seas heard remote,
Melodious songs as sweet as hydromel
 Burst from his throat;
Wonder an oak towering in pride of place
 Ages should crown,
While some fair violet in its modest grace
 A day treads down.

THE ARTIST

If he in honor hold erect
The soul God gave to him to do
Therewith things worthy, nor deflect,
In arduous labor, from the true
Bright path of duty, Art will sure
Crown one with such ideals pure.

For infinite aspirations hold
True glory only. Meed and praise,
In common parlance faintly doled;
The laurel wreath, the crown of bays,
The triumphs shouted, the acclaim
Of multitudes, are empty fame.

Pure Art eternal only gives
Reward eternal. Then she comes
A goddess to the soul that lives
A life of many martyrdoms;
Wreathing around his mighty soul
Her perfect gift as aureole.

And then the burden sad, the weight
Of the intolerable years;
The days alone, disconsolate,
The nights of solitude and tears;
The bitterness of suffering,
Change, as the winter into spring.

Change, and become a deeper joy
Than the world yieldeth. God transmutes
Earth's metals base, though with alloy,
To richest gold; to precious fruits
The perished weeds. Art thrones divine
The artist kneeling at her shrine!

The Artist

URANIA

TO what dim bourne of unattained desire
Leadest thou now my weary steps along,
Mighty Urania, goddess of my Song?
What purer regions, ever higher and higher
Gleaming, with holy feet that never tire,
Wouldest thou prevail to bring my feet among,
Dowered with thy gift, and with thy spirit strong,
And with thy soul to guide me and inspire?
O far too weak am I; too low, too base,
Although accompanied by thee, to climb
The lofty steeps. Unveil thy beauteous face:
Let me behold its glory but one time.
Then I contented will my way retrace,
Though blind forever from that sight sublime!

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM

I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness. ST. JOHN.

YE have plated my breasts with gold,
Against these cannot steel prevail ?
And the might of my glory so manifold
Become but a dotard's tale ?

Ye have throned me in splendor on high;
Was it done so that I should see
How in all lands men are still willing to die
If only they may be free ?

Lo, out from the forests of old
There cometh a great white bear :
Is it hunger alone that hath made him bold ?
I cry to you all, Beware !

And the lion once couchant, amain
Now licketh his paws of blood.
O whom are ye living by, Christ or Cain,
Ye men of one brotherhood ?

For up from the heart of man
There goeth a great deep cry :
“ We have fought our fight till the red blood ran;
What more can we do but die ? ”

And when I behold the stain
On the beautiful banners they bore;
And the tribute of all their blood in vain
Spilt both upon sea and shore;

*The Voice
of Freedom*

And some ye have chosen to rule,
Grown proud of their place and power,
Keep prattling, like to a babbling fool,
Of the destiny of the hour;

Meanwhile they make laws to oppress
My people who fought to be free.
Shall I bow the head and then acquiesce,
Nor ask how these things can be?

Turn, turn from your evil ways!
The stars of the night grow dim;
The sun breaks forth like a world ablaze,
And the oceans chant their hymn.

Turn, turn from your bitter strife,
Whose horrors now seem to increase:
There are greater guerdons than war in life,
The greater guerdons of peace.

Ye have harnessed the waves as a steed,
And the lightnings ye make to bear;
And the solar rays ye have sown for seed
Through the darkness everywhere.

And the thunder of God uppiled
In cloud upon cloud above,
Ye have taught to serve, as a little child
Serveth a master for love.

Great things ye have wrought for good,
Great marvels have ye achieved;
But the glorious gospel of Brotherhood
Ye never have truly received.

*The Voice
of Freedom*

O let me be one with my race:
Let me come down from the hills,
And walk with you all in the market-place,
Or where man in the fallow tills.

I am weary of keeping aloof,
Receiving the gifts that ye give:
Far better beneath a poor laborer's roof
Than within a palace to live.

O let me come down to the forge,
Or to labor at mine or mill;
And if there are backs yet of rulers to scourge
Ye have but to command, and I will!

POPPIES

FLOWERS unto the flower,
Sweets unto the sweet;
Song to the bird in her bower,
Bloom to the blossom complete.

Joy for the eyes of beauty,
Faith for the soul of truth;
Strength for the heart of duty,
Love for the love of youth.

“KIM”

OUT of the East:—
Magical, mystical; gaunt and grim;
Dreamy of soul but fettered in limb,
Where man is partly a god and beast—
Out of the East
Comes “Kim”!

Out of the East:—
Where every marvelous temple dim
Still echoes to some Vedic hymn,
And every Brahmin is a priest—
Out of the East
Comes “Kim”!

Out of the East:—
Where men use drugs that overbrim
Their soul, until the senses swim,
And life’s delirium is increased—
Out of the East
Comes “Kim”!

Out of the East:—
Diminutive in form and slim,
Companionable to cherubim;
Living on crumbs where others feast—
Out of the East
Comes “Kim”!

Out of the East:—
What fire of soul, what life, what vim!
How gladly do we welcome him,
Of Kipling’s creatures not the least—
Out of the East
Comes “Kim”!

THE THREE FAITHS

“**A**UGUST thy soul, nor moulded like its clod,”
The sage propounds, “nor like its clod
decays.

Immortally created by thy God,
Why render not to God thy meed of praise?”

“Because,” pale lips reply, “since life on earth
Avails not, neither consummates the divine
Life the life we mortals dream from birth,
Therefore we worship not such God as thine.”

The fool replies not unto these: he weaves
No such close woof; ties no such Gordian knot;
But sayeth in his heart—and so believes—
“There is no God, there is no God, I wot.”

THE WANDERING MINSTREL

GO seek for the wandering minstrel, go seek him
afar;
O where is his spirit abiding, thou world like a star?
Lo, all the paths of the people are prone for his feet,
Mage of the magical music to make their life sweet.

Bowed with their burdens of labor they list for his
voice,
Yearning within them to hear him so they may rejoice
When from the chariot of ages his soul shall descend,
Poet and prophet, lover and laborer, father and friend!

*The
Wandering
Minstrel*

Morning shall be as his herald, like music his speech;
All of the nations shall share in the glory bestowed
unto each:

The rapture of song shall attend him and burn on his
lips;

The earth shall be his and its myriads, the sea and its
ships.

Coming to chant of the cosmos, the comrade of man;
Breaking the fetters that bind us, the burdens that
ban;

Peer of the people, yet proving how grandly bestowed
The gifts of the gods who have given him Song for
a goad.

And love from his eyes shall allure us, the light of their
lord;

And bread shall be broken between us who sit at his
board;

And tokens be given unto us, whose seal we shall find
A bond to the broken in spirit to heal and to bind.

Go seek for the wandering minstrel, go seek him afar;
The chords of creation shall turn at his touch every
soul to a star:

Yea, and the temple awaits to receive him, the shrine
is complete,

And the millions of earth are all ready to spring to
their feet!

ART'S EVERLASTINGNESS

TO things of loftiest sense do thou appeal,
Artist. Create thou in the marble block
Thy soul's ideal; crumble will the rock,
And perishable too is bronze or steel.
Mutable language that can best reveal
The spirit's inmost passion, or unlock
The secret wards of sense, seems but a mock
To Nature's changeless and eternal weal.
Rather within the chalice of some flower
Seek everlastingness. Evoke the reed
To pipe thee Pan's sweet music; for thy power
Is equally in the symbol and the deed,
Since both possess their own immortal dower,
And are of immortality the seed!

THE POET'S ART

WHAT sculptor can through carven forms present
The mighty pageantries that throng his heart?
There is a rigid limit to his art,
Whether in marble bust or monument.
The poet, through divine transfiguration
Of thought, within the purlieus of the mart,
Or when in solitude he plays his part,
Can make his songs express his soul's intent.
The passionate, the sorrowful, the gay;
The multitudinous forms that but abide
The fleeting presence of the gaudy day,
To him is their creation not denied.
His is the Art that will outlast decay
When all the other forms of art have died.

A PURE WOMAN

WHEN grace in motion and in dress
Assists with manners to express
More perfectly her loveliness:
When diffidence, not indiscreet,
Makes still more graceful and complete
Her radiant womanhood so sweet:
When kindness in her every look
Shows purely limpid as a brook,
Whose meaning cannot be mistook:
And something nobler, undefined,
Like fragrance in a flower enshrined,
Reveals the virtue of her mind:
Not too severe to banish grace,
Not too divine for any place,
Though love illumines her beauteous face:
Whose consciousness is not too pure
To suffer sorrow, or endure
Whatever comes through love or lure:
Who seeks in gladness unalloyed
The fruit which leaves the lips uncloyed,
Whereby true life may be enjoyed:
Who finds in motherhood reward,
Reveres her husband as her lord,
And shrines what gifts the years afford:
Leaves commonplaces pass away,
And deems one perfect flower to-day
Can compensate for all decay:
Measures not mercy meted out
By sad delinquencies of doubt,
But is divinely still devout:
Leaves piety to prelates paid
Who treat tradition as a trade,

*A Pure
Woman*

Whilst true religion grows decayed:
Leaves wealth, fame, glory pass aside,
And only will by truth abide,
Pure Womanhood personified:
Clasps her young children to her knee
And, whatsoever gods may be,
Teaches them truth and purity:
Yet not indifferent to the ways
In which the Lord of Ancient Days
Affliction on the spirit lays:
But strong in purpose to bestow
A rose for every thorn of woe
Makes all life's burdens lighter grow:
Yet mourns in silence at the doom
Of maidens trodden in their bloom
With all their exquisite perfume:
Though cloistered in her heart's recess
May be the tender consciousness
Of one ineffable caress,
One rapturous moment, when a kiss
Brought, O what dreams of love and bliss!
But could not lead her soul amiss,
Yet left her chastened in desire:
Purification as by fire
Prepared her for the saintly choir,
Whose every mortal hour of life
In sorrow, poverty, or strife,
Reveals the consecrated wife:
Reveals the motherhood benign
Whose faith and virtue are a sign
For all nobility divine:
Whose words are precious and whose will
Seeks first and lastly to fulfill
The duties she abides by still:
Who passes in the paths of men

*A Pure
Woman*

Beyond, yet not above them, when
They seek divinity again:
Maker of nations and of deeds,
Though she transcends them and precedes,
An angel clothed in woman's weeds:
The first in charity, the first
To quench the fiery lips that thirst,
To bless what evil hearts have cursed:
Day after day her loving task
To ever give and never ask,
Humility her only mask:
Whose duty, both to God and man,
Constrains her to do all she can
To be life's pure Samaritan:
And on the field or in the mart
Offers the homage of her heart
To Valor, Wisdom, and to Art:
No crown of gold she cannot waive
Acceptance of, like Christ, to save
Each sinner and each passion's slave:
No life so mean, no heart so base,
No soul so fettered to its place,
But she is fain to give it grace;
Even as Magdalene made sweet
Her sin, by kneeling at the feet
Of life's divinest Paraclete:
Not weak in being overfond,
Since holy is for her the bond
That links her to the life beyond:
Who then would doubt that in her eyes,
Wherein the spirit's luster lies,
Would shine the light of Paradise:
That such a Woman in her worth
Would far surpass all titled birth,
And seem a saint upon the earth!

TWO GIFTS

A S in the sun is centered fire,
As splendor in the stars above;
As music centered in a lyre,
As in the soul is centered love:
As precious jewels in the sea,
As in the blossoms fragrance sweet,
So in this gift of mine to thee
Is centered all my heart complete.

As from the swallow comes the song,
As from desire comes forth delight;
And from the day that tarrieth long
The rich nepenthe of the night:
As blissful balm to those who dream
Pure love upon their bosom lay,
To glorify and to redeem,
Thy gift has come to me to-day!

OUR FLAG

O LET our bravest bring it
Where'er the fates allot;
Let every patriot sing it,
In every hallowed spot;
Our Flag!—No man must shame it,
No nation shall defame it,
'Tis ours; as ours we claim it,
By our best blood begot.

On many a field of glory,
Through many a battle borne,
Its stars have blazed their story
Though all its stripes were torn.
With heroes its defender
It never will surrender,
Its immemorial splendor,
Herald of Freedom's morn.

Our Flag

O see it brightly gleaming!
O see it grandly wave!
Its glory still redeeming
Each fallen hero's grave,—
The symbol of a Nation
Whose mightiest exultation
Is in the Declaration
Its banner-bearers gave.

For those who died to save it
Let it be now unfurled;
And where we choose to wave it
We choose against the world!
Never let deed disgrace it
Wherever we may place it;
Against who would debase it
Be stern defiance hurled.

Still make it our endeavor,
On every land and sea,
That it shall be forever
The Flag of Liberty!
For this we have enshrined it,
For Freedom marched behind it;
So let the ages find it,
Wherever man is free!

FAITH AND LOVE

WHAT is faith but a star?
What is love but a sun?
Man's soul seeketh far,
Yet the quest is not won.

None richer, more great
Than these, Jesus saith:
If God means not fate—
If life means not death!

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF “SARTOR RESARTUS”

THE book of one our century crowned
A mighty seer.
Deeper than e'er did plummet sound,
He sounded here.
O but the splendor of those heights
His footsteps trod;
The glory of whose days and nights
Were near to God!
This was the temple wherein grew
His spirit vast;
The temple of our spirit too,
As of his past.
Enter within it, kneel a while
Before its shrine;
And find, as found the great Carlyle,
Its God divine!

TENNYSON

DEAD is the poet who to men bestowed
Such marvelous melodious gifts of song!
The stainless guerdon of a soul which long
Imperishably paramount abode.
Richness of revenue which all realms owed
To one supremely throned, serenely strong;
Thence winning from the whole world's wisest
throng
Such glory as the noblest deem a goad.
Ever, from such a fray, on such a field
Foughten, as with the thunder of the brine,
And where but souls august great meed have won,
Are men content such reverence to yield
To such a soul divine of Song. Divine
Theocritus, or England's Tennyson!

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

ON THE DEATH OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

O MIGHTY England, in thy hour of need
And lamentation, deeply do we mourn:
Sons of those sons of thy high lineage born,
And kindred with thee of the Saxon seed.
O doom! against which all in vain we plead;
O Destiny's intolerable scorn!
Sadly our hearts bewail with thine, forlorn
Of one most worthy all such grief indeed:
Queen-mother of thy people, whose renown
Is shrined in every land and every mart.
All womanhood beneath her royal crown;
All goodness gathered into her great heart;
Who has but laid her earthly scepter down
To more divine dominions to depart.

PENITENCE

If we in penitence beseech
The grace God's mercy giveth,
And seek those blessings within reach
Whereby the spirit liveth;

If we discard all doubts and fears,
And pray with hearts not hardened
For consolation to the years,
We cannot but be pardoned.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF EPICETUS

THESE are the maxims which a slave
To all mankind forever gave.
A slave? Nay, where was mind more free
And greater in humanity?
The might of Greece has passed away
Like splendid pageants of a day;
And vanished has the power of Rome
Where all of grandeur had its home;
But Epictetus still survives
Teaching the wisdom of our lives;
That fortitude is more than fate
And man is nobler than the State.
For you, dear friend, whose heart keeps chime
With that vast harmony sublime
Of universal Brotherhood,
Each toiling for the common good,
Some echo of that song may cheer
Your heart within these pages here.

QUATRAIN

THOUGH all desire should love's desire fulfill,
Till life herself should quench her torch of fire;
Though all it yearned of joy should crown it, still
Would love desire.

MY SONGS

NOT splendor of the sky and sea,
Nor dewy redolence of spring,
But dreams of rich felicity
For what the future years may bring,
Are in the songs I sing.

Not perfumes of the meadow flowers,
More sweet than incense on a shrine,
But thoughts made fragrant by the hours
In which existence seemed divine,
Pervade these songs of mine.

And never will I thrill my lyre
Unless its cadences unite
One lyric only—of desire;
One carol only—of delight:
Song's blossoms, red and white!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE pliant-bladed spear-grass of the fields
In silken sheath of the green-growing corn,
Symbols this poet of New England; born
With all the affluence her nature yields.
Wit weaponed with the sword which Wisdom wields;
Song pungent with the pungency of morn;
Laughter allied to tears, and grief to scorn,
Such scorn as heals with love the grief it shields.
Sunsetward, purpureal, vast, august;
With day declining in his life's decline,
Departing from us as we must depart,
He left behind him with his mortal dust
Immortal memories of a life benign,
And great with largess of a noble heart!

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

WHAT beauteous soul was this whose grace could
gain
The tribute of such marvelous songs as these?
Richer than treasures of unfathomed seas,
Or argosies of the Ionian main.
Or what to all the world may appertain:
Homer in wisdom, like Euripides,
The richness and felicity of ease
Which makes each sonnet an enchanted strain.
O golden keys to mighty Shakespeare's heart!
Where we may see each splendid equipage
Pass in eternal tragic forms along;
What greater mind in what diviner part
Hath ever trod the world's illumined stage,
Wearing the everlasting crown of song?

IN MEMORY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

I LAY this tribute on his hearse,
A bitter grief expressed in song;
Though he was nobler than all verse,
And nobler wreaths to him belong.

For rhymes that ring cannot express
The grander praise we would bestow
To him whose greatness grows not less;
Whose fame is everlasting now.

And everlastingly abides
Whilst Art in her dominion reigns.
What else remains in life besides ?
To us and all what else remains ?

Since fugitive this life we pass
In desolation and in grief;
And as the dewdrop on the grass,
As evanescently is brief.

But no immortal spirit swerves
To paths of dalliance defiled;
But only for the Master serves,
And to the Father is a child!

A PRAYER

O THOU in whose eternal power
I place my faith and trust,
I realize it every hour
That I am but of dust.

That I am formed alone of clay
Whose life is but a span;
Though everlasting seems to-day
The soul that makes me man.

The soul that gave me light to see,
And gives me thoughts to speak;
Making of my impiety
A thing both base and weak.

I seek Thee, God, in pure belief,
In faith that makes men strong;
Not in a tragedy of grief
Enacted in a song.

I seek Thee through communion wise
With holiest of men;
In Books revealing prophecies
Penned by no mortal pen.

I seek Thee in remotest fields
Of planet-peopled space;
Or in what life to reason yields
Of Love and Hope and Grace.

I seek Thee in the fern or flower,
Within the seed of fruit;
Not making energy the power
Creator absolute.

I seek Thee in whatever mould
I dream Thou mayest be;
Whose mighty purpose worlds unfold
Through all eternity.

O lead me outward from the dark,
And guide me in my need;
If I am only, God, a spark,
Be Thou a sun indeed!

ULLABY SONG

IN the fields of heaven are all His sheep;
Lo, the pale shepherdess them attending!
God hath given her them to keep,
All her grace is in His befriending.
Well she knoweth what they are,
Well she knoweth—each a star—
Slowly from the azured steep,
Slowly, slowly, is she descending.
Why do you weep, my little one, why do you weep?
Sleep! Sleep!

In the fields of heaven 'tis time to reap;
See, where the reaper is onward wending.
The winds of heaven before him creep,
And the golden poppies are lowly bending.
Well he knoweth, near or far,
Where the blissful harvests are:
For God has called to him out of the deep,
It is His messenger He is sending.
Why do you weep, my little one, why do you weep?
Sleep! Sleep!

LOVE'S CROWN

O NE crown less won from the world around us,
One wreath less worn round the pale, sad brow;
O Love, we have found Love! Had Love not found us,
What were the worth of the world to us now?

Could I deem it ideal, or glorify it
With song, devoted to song for love's sake?
The lark sings sweetest to heaven when nigh it;
Could it sing to the earth and its heart not break?

So I sang to heaven, for heaven was thee, love;
What garlands of flowers my wings could bind?
I yearned for the dawn, and my pinions when free,
love,
Soared heavenward, leaving the earth behind.

And having soared with thy soul beside me,
And having sung with thy soul to mine,
The crown of fame which the world denied me
Is replaced by the crown of thy love divine.

One crown less won from the earth around us;
Alas! for such crowns as the world can give.
O Love, we have found Love! Had not Love found us,
What were the worth of the life that we live?

ALL WORK IS PRAYER

ALL work is prayer beneath the sun;
The laborer is God's true priest:
Will he not ask, "What have ye done?"
Of those who only play and feast?

The world is one great hive of toil;
Man's ministry through ages past
Has glorified the common soil
To raise God's altar there at last.

No other shrine his worship needs;
No other prayer for Jew or Turk,
Gentile, or men of various creeds,
Except the glorious prayer of work.

Work! noble, pure, devout—baptized
By man alone, the living prayer:
Work sanctified! but equalized,
So that each one shall do his share.

No kings; no beggars: none so great
As to despise the hands that toil
To build the true Fraternal State
In every land, on every soil.

O ye who strive to break the ban,
Still laboring from year to year
To bring equality to man,
Work on! work on! the time is near.

ANACREON IN OLD AGE

WILL Eros come unto me now,
When I with years am laden;
And ivy-wreath my furrowed brow,
And woo me like a maiden ?

Doth the god dream I can express
The passion of that singer,
The youth he was so wont to bless,
Who in his fane did linger ?

O Glory with pure rainbow wings !
O potent god entralling !
Upon this head, more crowned than kings,
Life's autumn leaves are falling.

You archly bid me to resume
The lyre's sweet song with singing ;
I cannot woo a rose in bloom
Where nightingales are winging.

Swayed boughs innumEROUS and the low
Susurrus of the river,
Murmur those songs of long ago
Of which you were the giver.

And will you bid me touch my lyre
Wreathed with garlands floral ;
And sing an idyll to Desire
Most passionately choral ?

O Son of Venus and Delight !
What dreams have then departed,
That though you thrill me with your might
No song hath yet upstarted ?

Your fragrant plumes, your burnished bow,
Wave round me, Eros, gently;
With but a garland bind my brow,
And I shall sing présently.

*Anacreon
in Old Age*

What though I lack the matchless grace
For amorous complaining?
And in the sadness of my face
No ardor is remaining?

And rosy lips are pale with age,
And raven locks are hoary?
More beautiful the vassalage,
More wonderful the glory.

Then let the radiance of Love's eyes
Beam on me calm and tender;
And I his mighty melodies
Will sing again with splendor.

And from the forest haunts and deeps,
Where Echo lies forsaken;
And from each grot where silence sleeps,
Shall hymns to Eros waken.

And every haunting form and shape
Now amorously pining,
Shall quaff the nectar of the grape
On violet lawns reclining.

O God, whose glory is divine,
Whose radiant steps I follow;
I sing, but all the song is thine,
O Eros, my Apollo!

* * * * *

*Anacreon
in Old Age*

Fill high the golden cup and quaff
A truce to melancholy!
Have we not sweeter cause to laugh,
Though life seem nought but folly?

Fill up the beaker to the brim!
Nor let the lips be sated
Until the dewy eyes are dim,
When night and dawn are mated.

Drink, drink the wine that gives us joy!
Though in a sanctuary,
Is life less life, if love's less coy?
Drink, drink! let us be merry.

Drink to the sacred gods above;
Drink to the fates below us!
What greater gifts than wine and love
And song, could they bestow us?

Drink to the seasons of the year,
Or hoar with rime, or vernal;
The fruitful Earth; whose nectar here
Makes love seem life eternal!

Drink to the humid lips and eyes
With youth and ardor burning:
Alas! the dust upon them lies,
To dust they, too, are turning.

Changeless may be the stars, and suns
And moons upon us shining.
But ah, for we unhappy ones,
We change in all but pining.

Drink, so that we may manumit
The heavy doom that fetters
Our souls to earth; and rise, and sit
Like gods among our betters.

*Anacreon
in Old Age*

Drink to the wheel whose every spoke
Whirls round to joy or sorrow.
Hyperion's steeds may slip their yoke
And bring us no to-morrow.

One cupful in this urn of dust
In honor of the Giver
Of all good things. Soon, soon we must
With Charon cross the river.

O gardens of Hesperides!
O Circe's isle enchanted!
Who sowed this flower of the seas?
The golden fruit who planted?

There is a song upon the wind,
It comes from cool recesses.
In vain the Maenads lie reclined,
Awaiting our caresses.

Hail, hail, O pale Persephone!
Hail, grave, divine Demeter!
Mighty thy underworld: but we
This upperworld find sweeter.

Withhold thy summons for a while;
Fain, fain am I to bide here,
Though thy Elysian fields beguile
With beauteous forms denied here.

*Anacreon
in Old Age*

No asphodel shall wreath my brow
So long as I may linger—
O Eros, if thou wilt, now, now,
Now, crown thy dying singer!

LOVE'S GIFTS

LOVE places on the lips of Sorrow
His perfect petals of delight;
Brings richest dreams to crown the morrow
In radiant visions of the night:
Two gifts alone—as Sorrow sigheth—
Two gifts alone doth Love deny;
Forgetfulness of time that flieth,
Oblivion of the days gone by.

Love brings not spring to old December,
Whose eyes with bitter tears are wet;
We ever sadden to remember,
We ever gladden to forget.
Within the spirit of the living
The immemorial years decay:
Love gives, but little is forgiving;
Love gives—too soon to take away.

Wherefore we deem unkind his kindness,
And bitter-sweet his sweetest troth;
His gifts attribute to his blindness,
Since joy and grief are given both.
And on the couch of slumber lying
We cannot close our aching eyes;
For Sorrow seems to us undying,
But Joy, alas! too briefly dies.

SAINT PAULINUS

WHEN Saint Paulinus came to preach the Christ
Unto the people of Northumbria,
King Edwin (saith the legend) minded most
To hear and to behold this anchorite,
This pure apostle of the Nazarene;
And willing that his people too should hear
And see this saintly proselyte of old,
Convened a council of his chiefest men,
Tall, blue-eyed Saxons, flaxen-haired and fair:
And questioning if they would attend the saint,
One of the king's thegns then stood up and said:
“Yea, certes, let us listen to his rede.
For unto me it seemeth that the life
Of man is even as a sparrow's flight
Through this dark chamber, where thou, king, art sitting
At supper with thy lords and warrior-men;
While storm and thunder, and fierce hail and snow
Batter like armed hosts at thy castle-gates.
The sparrow inward at one casement flying,
Then straightway outward at another, is
Safe from the roarings huge whilst here within;
But soon it vanishes from sight and thence
Into the fearful darkness whence it came.
Just so man's life appeareth for a space,
It disappeareth and appeareth so;
But of what went before, what followeth,
No being knoweth, no one learneth aught.”
O men, accept the moral of these words!
For we who dwell in yearning and unrest,
Toiling and moiling with an aching heart,
With intuitions and fruitions vast;

*Saint
Paulinus*

We from the haunts of nature following far
The purple dawn of Art's prosperity
Into each thronged metropolis of gold,
To consecrate the Man-Christ crucified;
We who have pilfered space of all its stars,
Have probed the germ-cell for its mystery,
The microcosm in the macrocosm;
Still, like the sparrow in the simile,
Pass onward into darkness infinite
Unheralded, companionless, forlorn!
There is the evolution of the stars;
There is the evolution of the soul;
And we, whose faculties coordinate
The everlasting glories of creation
Betwixt the two polarities of God,
The crystal and the Christ; who seem divine,
Like the reflection of that silent city
Upon the pinnacled glaciers of Alaska,
Are but the strange mirage of Pasts eternal
Reflected on the glaciers of the Present,
A symbol everlasting to the Future!

A WORLD OF MIST

WE meet here in a world of mist,
Around us are the years;
When first we met we smiled and kissed,
We part with sobs and tears.

The joy of all remembering
Is love's first, purest kiss;
The perfect life the poets sing,
Beloved, is but this.

TWO LOVES

L OVE me not too much, dear,
 Think of God above;
He is worthy such, dear,
 Who alone is love.

I am but a leaf, dear,
 He is all the flower;
I may bring thee grief, dear,
 Joy is all His power.

I am but a seed, dear,
 Born to bear no fruit;
He is all indeed, dear,
 God the absolute.

I am but a spark, dear,
 Flickering in the night:
Where I am is dark, dear,
 Where He is is light.

I am but a shell, dear,
 No immortal soul:
There were God to dwell, dear,
 What could He control?

Sadly stained with sin, dear,
 Sin of lust and lure;
Though God look within, dear,
 Would He make me pure?

Two Loves

Though His hands efface, dear,
Could my joy increase?
Would He give me grace, dear?
Would He give me peace?

Kneel before His feet, dear,
Pray for me besides;
Though my life is fleet, dear,
Yet His love abides.

In the life to come, dear,
In the greater birth,
I may spring therefrom, dear,
Purified in worth.

In the life to be, dear,
When this life is done,
I may live to see, dear,
Such a life begun.

Then my soul shall know, dear,
And my eyes perceive
How divine we grow, dear,
If we but believe.

Ah, but faith is less, dear,
Than His mightier thrall;
Who alone can bless, dear,
Being Love in all!

Blessings then be mine, dear,
Even while I live;
Pardon is divine, dear,
If but God will give.

Pardoned I may stand, dear,
By His holy throne,
Clasping by the hand, dear,
Even thee, my own!

Two Loves

WARNING

L EST passionate desire beget
The pain that shall destroy us,
And give eternal life regret,
When even bliss shall cloy us;
And make most bitter what seems sweet,
And hardened what seems tender,
We must tread underneath our feet
The pleasures we surrender.

The dearest dreams we must abjure,
Forget what love hath spoken;
Else what seems pure will seem impure,
And what is whole be broken.
Ah, dearest, though I love you now,
And dearly, richly rate you,
The curses of a broken vow
Might lead my soul to hate you!

AN EARTH-SONG

I WHIRL along—I work and weave,
My dole of labor I receive
From lords of day and night:
The centuries come, the centuries pass,
They are but as the summer grass
That withers in my sight.

I whirl along—I never cease
Through all eternity's increase,
I crave no wage of man:
My hands are scarred with toil, my feet
Have long forgot those pathways sweet
Where once they blithely ran.

I whirl along—From every field
Men reap the harvests that I yield,
My life is in the seed.
I feast alike on flesh and fruit,
The Lord of all things absolute
Provideth for my need.

I whirl along—The lightnings fail
To pierce the heavy coat of mail
Around me loosely cast.
The earthquakes scarcely stir from sleep
The mighty monsters which I keep
Within my caverns vast.

I whirl along—I find my way
Star-paven both by night and day;
The beacon-fires I burn

Still flash across the infinite,
To all the worlds, their rays of light,
Whose signal they return.

*An
Earth-Song*

I whirl along—I do my task;
I hear the Lord above me ask,
“Watchman, what of the night?”
The stars make answer from on high,
The suns that sweep majestic nigh
In music pass from sight.

Strange comets ply their shuttles swift,
Derelict orbs before me drift
Upon vast seas of flame.
And myriads, myriads more than these
Are rushing onward on those seas
For which I have no name.

Onward by some deep current swept,
Faithful His mandates have I kept,
What the Lord gives I give:
I am the grave as well as womb,
I am the cradle and the tomb
Of all that breathe and live.

I whirl along—I shall not rest
Till I fulfill my Lord’s behest,
And am from labor free:
Then shall I reach the goal sublime
Coeval with eternal Time,
And Life shall rest with me!

WHEN PEACE ON EARTH WILL COME AGAIN

THE holy time has come again
Of "peace on earth, good will to men."
So sang the angels in their song
Unto a world of want and wrong
Their jubilation on the morn
When Christ, the Son of Man, was born.
Have all the centuries passed since then
Brought peace and good will unto men?
Have twenty centuries sufficed
To realize the dreams of Christ,
Our first and holiest Socialist,
Whom mankind crucified and hissed?

O kings, the favored of mankind,
Rulers and leaders of the blind;
Is it the Gospel that you preach
When cannons roar and shrapnels screech?
Bullets and Bibles, can they be
Synonymous with piety?

For sovereignty maritime
Nations have steeped themselves in crime.
For sway over contiguous lands
They have with blood imbued their hands.
Till war, like some vast python coiled
Around the spoiler and the spoiled,
Has crushed the spirit of the free
And strangled human liberty.
Ages of peace have never healed
The scars of war's first battle-field.

*When Peace on
Earth Will
Come Again*

I cannot hold that nation good
Which is opposed to brotherhood;
Or through its laws does all it can
To trample on the rights of man.
Proclaim it through the universe,
Commercial empire is a curse!
It crushes where it should uplift;
It sets all moral law adrift;
Manacles manhood with a chain
Forged by the blood-red hand of Cain;
Pollutes love's temple with its lust,
Breeds avarice, rapine, and distrust;
And places Mammon in the shrine
Where Christ should be by right divine.

So long as labor, every age,
Is scarcely paid a living wage;
So long as those who live by toil
Are deemed the refuse of the soil,
While those who ever labor least
Are still the lords of every feast;
So long as Dives sits in state
While Lazarus is at the gate;
So long as want and wealth contrast
So disproportionately vast;
And Wealth stalks onward in his pride
A sensuous liberticide;
So long as wrong oppresses right,
And law is in the hands of might;
And as in all the ages past
This world is but a world of caste;
However much divinely hailed,
The gospels of the world have failed!

*When Peace on
Earth Will
Come Again*

When over all the world will be
A state of pure equality;
When Socialism takes its place
And binds in brotherhood each race;
When men believe not in the creed,
But in the doing of a deed;
When swords will rust within their sheath
And cannons wear the olive wreath;
When men will labor everywhere,
But each according to his share;
And at the forge or mill or mine
Prove human brotherhood divine;
And in the field or in the mart
Build tabernacles of the heart;
When all the world will be one kin,
And no one more or less therein,
But all for one and one for all,
And free from superstition's thrall;
And Christ's great law has come to birth,
And justice reigns upon the earth —
The holy time will come again
Of "peace on earth, good will to men."
But not till then, but not till then!

A LITANY

HERE since twilight have I waited,
Love, for one who came of yore;
Yearning with a soul unsated
Evermore.

Had she not redeemed my days, Love,
Touched my lips with hallowed fire,
What were vainer many ways, Love,
Than desire ?

What were vainer than desire, Love,
In this garden here forlorn ?
Where through boughs that burn as fire, Love,
Glows the morn.

Glows on goldenrod and aster,
Mingling with the fronded ferns;
While my aching heart beats faster
As it yearns.

What were vainer, Love, were sadder
That such yearning and desire ?
Since the summons came that bade her
Soul soar higher.

These withal for her have faded,
Dancing fields of poppies red ;
Violets, or some sweet shaded
Pansy-bed.

A Litany

Meadow-larks in fragrant clover,
Thrushes singing clear and strong;
Singing gladly, singing over
All the song:

These she nevermore will hear, Love,
From the couch that curtained dawn.
She is gone, Love! Never fear, Love,
She is gone!

As a field of flowers scentless,
So she lay when hushed her breath;
Smitten by the pale, relentless
Hand of death.

Virginal her bloom but fruitless;
Beautiful her form though cold:
And the earth hath but one youth less
Midst its old.

O communal service broken!
O the sacrament deterred,
Ere the Master's lips had spoken
But a word!

I await her late and early,
Kneeling where her feet have trod:
While she is within the pearly
Gates of God.

For I came not to the service,
Where the bread and wine of Christ,
Even to some brooding dervis,
Had sufficed.

A Litany

But I come now to this garden,
And I weep here by the gate:
I am waiting for her pardon;
Love, I wait!

MAXIMS

B E good and pure and true,
Be gentle and be kind;
Thy soul be like the dew,
And like a flower thy mind:
Be righteous and be just,
Be loving unto all,
For 'tis thy soul which must
Have angel robes for pall.

CITY OF THE SUNSET

METROPOLIS of imminent decay!
Vast citadel of towering gold! despoiled
Ere scarce the sun's mage from yon clouds had toiled
To build each battlement of but a day:
What legionaries in what giant fray—
Or numberless besieging foes, erst foiled,
Around its mighty bastioned walls now coiled,
Crush it with irresistible array?
League upon league, seen limitless, afar,
Those burnished walls extend. Host upon host
Surges against each portal-holocaust;
Then rushes on Hyperion's fiery car:
Slowly the vision fadeth, and, from post
To post, Night sentinels each flaming star!

TWILIGHT

THE pomp and vast processional of day,
With panoplies and banners sun-embrazed,
Like some triumphal trophies heavenward raised,
In purpled distances has passed away.
And passed the multitudinous array
Of golden glorious clouds, whose radiance dazed
The spirit that beheld them; rapt, amazed
At the fulgency of their display.
Drowsied, 'neath drooping boughs and dripping leaves,
The haunt of slumber and the shrine of peace;
Lulled with melodious melancholy tones
Of that sweet bird which in the silence grieves,
I dreamt I had at last of life surcease,
Ringed round with death as Saturn with his zones!

LIFE'S GIFTS

WHAT are the gifts Life doth give ?
Hopes, that seem born of mistrust,
Blisses, a moment to live,
Blossoms and blooms of the dust.

Perfumeless poppies of sleep,
Dreams, or the dirge of desire;
Passions, like waves of the deep
Washed upon beaches of fire.

Ardours, of terrible might ;
Sorrows, of infinite pain ;
Joy, for a robe of delight ;
Grief, for a crown of disdain.

These are Life's gifts. But the best
Gift is the gift when she saith,
“Rest, weary wanderer, rest :
Thine be the gift now of death !”

ENCOURAGEMENT

WE should not scatter seeds of hate
If we would gather flowers of love,
Nor curse our destiny and fate,
Life's potentialities thereof :

I hold there is a richer truth
That we may cling to, if we will ;
And lingering in the fields of youth
Our hands should cull Love's blossoms still.

A WORLD-SONG FOR PEACE

SO long as the weaponed hand of one is uplifted to smite another,
So long as man is alien to man, and each knows not his brother,
So long is there still one mighty truth which must all the nations leaven,
And help to make a heaven of hell instead of a hell of heaven.

Though kings disagree, O People, be free! and banded like brothers together;
There is only one law of God for all,— why should every flock have its wether?
Open your eyes to the bitter truth, 'tis the rulers who sow sedition
To impede the march of Brotherhood on its great and glorious mission.

Cease building your steel-clad ships of war,— not thus can you be protected;
For never a home on the raging foam was ever for peace erected.
Cease sending your bloody armies forth to engage in a world-wide battle,
Till east and west, and south and north, the people are slain like cattle.

Look at the red, red sea into which your leaders fain would lead you!
Since for their good ye spill your blood, why is it they do not precede you?

O mighty seamen of every main! O toilers of every nation!

*A World-Song
for Peace*

Is it not time to unite again and issue a new Declaration?

For whom do you kill? for whom do you bleed? for whom is your vast endeavor?

Who took from the slave whatever he gave, yet kept him a slave forever?

Did millions decree he should be free, and now would you slay one another?

Black, yellow, or white, who has most right, since Earth is our mighty mother?

Lo, this was of old Christ's simple plan; "Do as you would be done by."

This was the doctrine which every man and woman could be won by.

And do you follow the law who smite before you are ever smitten?

And have you not heard of the ancient saw, how oft the biter is bitten?

For they shall perish by the sword who lead to the fields of slaughter,

Still making crimson the paths of the Lord with blood spilt like to water;

Since men at best are as fiends indeed, and madness is all their praying,

When they slay their kind for lust of greed, or slay for the lust of slaying.

A World-Song for Peace Bethink you of how great nations decay; of mighty empires now sunken;
Conquest was theirs but a little day, with glory their hearts were drunken;
Then bid the roar of the cannons cease, now thundering in many regions,
That underneath the banners of Peace may march earth's myriad legions.

O foolish dream of the rulers who scheme to fetter the eagle's pinions!
You are better by far than king or czar, though vast be their world-dominions.
From age to age they have bid you wage their battles of blood for booty,
Is it over the dead that your feet must tread to learn of a grander duty?

O People of every land and sea! O Brothers! let me beseech you:
There is only one way that you may be free, no matter what men may teach you.
Whatever your color, whatever your creed, wherever the soil you cling to,
There is only one country for which to bleed, there is only one flag to sing to.

Let there be unfurled a flag of the world; the flag of a world united:
Let it stand for the Right against all Might, until every wrong is righted.
A banner to be of all Nations free! and in union with one another;
A world-wide clan where every man will greet every man as his brother!

HOPE

H OPE blesses life: she doth not scorn to toil,
She doth not fear to bear;
So that a flower grow upon the soil
When but a weed grew there.

Her gifts are God's: she comes divine with such,
Too saintly to deny.
We do not sorrow, though we sorrowed much,
When she is standing by.

Are we forlorn? She draws the veil apart
That hides the coming years.
The dreams that she reveals us bring the heart
Their benison of tears.

Are we alone? Companionship most sweet
She gives when we despond:
To her the flowers that wither at our feet
Are as the stars beyond.

She bathes our brows with spikenard and with spice,
Most pure is her caress:
No sorrow is for her a sacrifice,
Who ever comes to bless.

Even among the denizens of sin
Lips haggard call her saint;
Stainless in purity she walks within
Those pathways foul with taint.

Hope

But by the couch of pain so near to death
She loves the best to steal:
The Angel of her Lord of Nazareth,
Who came the sick to heal.

'Tis she that ministers to every flower
That grows on Sorrow's slope;
Eternity itself is in the hour
That brings eternal Hope.

Remembrances committed to regret,
Memorials pure of love,
To her are precious. Though her goal is set
Beyond them, far above.

She doth not faithless grow like Love or Fame;
And were our hearts more wise,
We would enshrine her by a holier name
And call her, Paradise!

I CANNOT MOURN

I CANNOT mourn a manhood now
Misspent upon a tideless deep;
Each one hath bitter seeds to sow,
Each one hath bitter fruit to reap.
And yet though vassal to despair,
And in the pit of pain entombed,
I wreath my brows with flowers more fair
Than once in Eden's garden bloomed.

PSYCHE

AN EPISODE AT DAWN

BEAUTIFUL Psyche wandered forth forlorn,
Seeking for Cupid. And while yet the Morn
Lingered amidst the flowery vales of Crete,
Or sped with gorgeous plumes and roseate feet
Over the purpled hills; and in the east
The splendors of her pageantry increased
In pomp of gold and crimson, she did pass
Into a forest cool with sward of grass,
And hushed, except when the melodious lay
Was heard of the sweet birds on bough and spray
Trilling their joyous rondels to the day.
It was a sacred forest, and therein
Were many winding pathways, from the din
Of outer regions leading onward far
Beyond the luster of the morning star,
To fragrant haunts and bowers, that unknown
To Helios seemed, where wood-nymphs dwelt alone.
Its innermost recesses kept concealed
A marble temple; whence the gods revealed
Their wisdom unto men, who, near and far,
Sought its prophetic fane oracular.
Thither did Psyche wander, seeking still
Cupid, her lord. Now by a little rill
She stayed her pearly feet a while to cull
Some of its ferns and flowers beautiful.
And pensively she watched its ripples run
Among the rushes and the speargrass dun;
Now kissing the mossed stones and pebbles white,
Till in the distance like a ray of light
It pierced the umbrage through. Now seemed to pass
More joyfully beneath the tremulous mass

Psyche

Of ferns and odorous foliage, as aware
Of the sweet presence of the maiden there.
From far its music tinkled in her ear;
Which made her pause and listen, half in fear,
Deeming perchance that Pan, with pipe of reeds,
Lay fluting mellowly among the weeds;
But only the pure rill before her gaze
Mumured its ceaseless croon. She watched the ways
In which it danced along; then stood a space,
Beholding in its stream her beauteous face,
Mirrored delight and love made doubly sweet,
Ere that she stepped across with timid feet.
It almost seemed to give the river bliss
Such purity and loveliness to kiss.
From ivory hands, scooped to a little shell,
She quaffed the cooling water as it fell,
Then hastening from the brook, she reached a lawn
To which the fairest flowers had withdrawn,
Swinging their fragrant censers in the dawn.
Crocus and hyacinth, and lilac pale,
And melilot, and slender galingale,
And amaranthus and the jessamine,
And blooms with chalices incarnadine;
And other precious herbs she scarcely knew,
Virginal with their coronals of dew.
Of these she culled the fairest in her sight,
Purple and gold, and iris-hued and white,
To place upon the altar, where she fain
Some knowledge of her Cupid might obtain:
And learn where he might bide whom she had lost.
Now as she passed beyond the lawn and crossed
A daisied mead, from out a forest haunt
There fled an Oread, followed by a gaunt
Goat-footed satyr, whom she had escaped.
Lured by her woodland loveliness undraped,

The satyr still pursued her in her flight ;
Psyche bewailed the nymph's dolorous plight
And vainly would assist, when lo, a horn
Sounded, from dewy uplands faintly borne.
And as she turned, from under shady boughs
There came a splendid presence: marble brows
Gleaming, and crowned by starry diadem ;
And all the tresses starred with many a gem.
And in her hand she held a bow of gold,
And glittering shafts were seen amidst the fold
Of her bright kirtle. As she sped apace,
Heartening the hounds pursuing in the chase,
And followed by her nymphs, her loud halloo !
Sounded like music all the woodland through.
And Psyche marveled in her heart to see
One she had worshiped as a deity
Like huntress clad. When all had fled afield,
And to her straining eyes was nought revealed,
Psyche resumed her way; and underneath
A mighty oak, resting a while, to breathe
Its balm, beyond its foliage green a sight
She saw that filled her bosom with affright.
In sinuous voluptuousness of form,
Sensuous and palpitating, flushed and warm
With fumes of wine, a sweet Bacchante lay.
And o'er her a rude satyr tore away
Her leafy covering as she lay reposed,
And at this flower-like loveliness disclosed
Denuded, gloated, with his heart afame,
In passionate unconsciousness of shame.
Fast Psyche flew, nor cast one look behind,
Her golden hair disheveled by the wind.
Beyond the distant peaks, amidst the blue
Serene of heaven, shone the stars, though few.
For dawn now purpled all the steeps, and filled

Psyche The chalice of the day with light that spilled
Its rainbow-colored gems on earth below.
Poor Psyche panted like a little doe
To whom the hounds gave chase; and weak and worn,
Must rest a while her fluttering heart forlorn.
When lo, Apollo's glory in her eyes:
Through multitudinous boughs she saw arise
The sacred temple's alabaster walls,
Gleaming afar like crystal waterfalls!
Swiftly she hastened onward, reaching soon
Its portal, lustrous like a crescent moon,
And passed beyond, and sought the holy shrine ;
Invoking thence the oracle divine.
But first around the temple's marble urns
She wreathed all her fragrant flowers and ferns ;
Then kneeling by the altar, made her plea:
“O God of all this world, O deity!
Nay, all ye gods and goddesses above !
Where may I seek for Cupid, Lord of Love !
All radiant essences of day and night,
All beautiful forms that give the soul delight,
Attend his steps. The singing of the birds
Sounds harsh to one who hears his dulcet words,
The liquid lapse of cadences that bind
Music to speech. O tell me where to find
This glory on the earth, incarnate bliss,
Whose honeyed lips 'tis ecstasy to kiss ?
Where winnows he his plumes ? To what far place
Now lends the dazzling luster of his face,
Leaving me lorn ? O oracle, respond !
Where may I seek him, in what lands beyond ?
Or over flowerless furrows of what sea,
Who is sun, moon, and stars, and all to me ? ”
She ceased for very grief to supplicate :
And while beside the altar she did wait

Its fuming incense languorously crept
Over the kneeling maiden, and she slept.
And while she slept she dreamed, and seemed to hear
A low voice gently whispering in her ear:
“ O foolish maid, though innocent in mind,
Know ’tis not those who seek for Love that find.
Who seek him not, he comes unsought to those ;
Since sweetest the undreamed-of boon, Love knows.
Vain thy appeal, and vain thy coming here,
And vain thy fragrant offerings of the year
That wreathes our sacred shrine. Canst thou recall
Their bloom, once faded, and their leaves that fall ?
As vain to seek for Love, who long hath laughed
At hearts sore smitten by his burning shaft.
Return from whence you came; there like a bride
Await him, who comes always unespied.
Prepare thy nuptial couch, and roses strew
Upon it, and before thy portal too.
And leave thy casement open to the night,
And the lamp burning dim to guide his sight.
And then if slumber should thy eyes oppress,
Sleep, until wakened by his warm caress.
But this wise counsel do the gods bestow,
Since easily is bliss exchanged for woe:
Whatever gifts Love give thee, for his sake,
Accept them, whether sleeping or awake.
Nor question more, nor seek therein to pry,
Since to become too curious, is to die.”
Psyche awakened from her wondrous trance,
A new light dawning on her countenance ;
Then blessed the holy shrine, and went her way
Home through the forest glorious now with day.

LORD LOVE

LOVE once lived a hermit's life,
Robed in girdled frock and hood;
Till men called him forth to strife,
From his hut in underwood.

Then in armor wrought of steel
Battled he with mighty strength;
And men suffered for his weal,
For he conquered them at length.

Thus did Love become a lord
Over all the hearts of men:
And to every region poured
Those who bore his standard then.

And they sang with mingled breath
This most chivalrous refrain,
“Love doth give us pain to death,
Yet a death that is no pain.”

So men rear his standard up,
With its burnished trophies rare;
And they pledge him in a cup,
Pledge the god who is so fair.

For what reck they of the strife
Which had given him the sway,
Since the lord who rules their life
Rules a life of love alway?

DREAMERS

THE vastest potency men attribute
To highest powers. Yet they seek in vain
To find who wrought the seed that brings the grain;
To whom belongs the marvel of the fruit,
And all that springeth from a hidden root.
O vanity of vanities again!
If wisdom rankling into fierce disdain
Can deem divinity not absolute.
Swiftly the hours of pleasure fleet away;
The sorrow-laden hours creep along.
Life loves to sing her everlasting song —
“To-morrow and to-morrow is to-day.”
And we, who are we? Are we are right or wrong?
Dreamers of God, or perishable clay?

PHANTOMS

THESE let us question not — the Powers that sway
The dim dominion of man’s mightiest dreams;
And that “incarnate mystery” which seems
Lowlier and yet far holier than they.
For unto these all reverence we pay:
Part of the vast creation’s cosmic schemes,
Source of all glory, love which all redeems,
Life, whereunto our life is but a day.
Such symbol God’s illimitable law:
Hope, Faith, Truth, Beauty, Virtue, and Delight;
Star kindling star, they rise upon our sight.
But what of phantoms thrilling us with awe?
Spirits that sway the soul with passionate might?
Fiends spumed from some dread evil demon’s maw!

“PAPA, WILL YOU READ?”

OFTEN when my head is bowed,
Deep in thought, above some page,
Though so brief the time allowed
For my spirit to engage
In those studies that rejoice,
Cometh one with gentle voice
(How can I but give it heed !)
Pleading, “Papa, will you read?”

O my boy, if you but knew
(O if we but knew ourselves!)
All the work that I must do,
With such books upon the shelves;
Little would you then intrude
To disturb my solitude,
And compel my soul to heed,
Pleading, “Papa, will you read?”

“Yes, my boy,” (O what a glance!)
“Shall it be Defoe or Grimm;
Fairy tale or bright romance;
Shall we tread the jungle dim,
Or shall Hawthorne lead us on
To the golden fields of Dawn?
But first call your sister too.”
(O my boy, if you but knew !)

Then they climb upon my chair,
Facing me on either side;
One with wealth of curly hair,
One with eyes (O heart, thy pride!)
Gazing eagerly to look
For the pictures in the book
Which I hold within my hand,
Being tales of Fairyland.

*"Papa, will
you read?"*

Is it thus, dear ones, you lift
My frail spirit from the Slough
Of Despond, so I may sift
My life's wheat before me now?
Shall I scorn to learn the truth?
Shall I weep a wasted youth,
Turning with despairing look
From my soul's neglected book?

Let me live to turn the page!
Teach me, O my God, to write
What shall satisfy the sage,
And yet give a child delight;
That when done thy tasks imposed,
And this Book of Life is closed,
I shall not be shamed to plead
Humbly, "Father, will you read?"

MAURICE THOMPSON — IN MEMORIAM

SADLY the gray-eyed Dawn unbars
Her gates to let Hyperion through;
The mournful sentinels of stars
Retire into their tents of blue:
The weeping vestals of the sod
Uplift their tearful eyes to God.

For ere Diana's bugles blow
Their first reveille to the morn,
The fatal summons come and go,
Upon the wings of Azrael borne:
The shadowy valleys far beyond
To all the somber hills respond.

And then all living things awake,
Who are of earth a denizen:
But O what magic hand can break
The spell that binds one man of men !
The gentle heart now calm and still,
So acquiescent to God's will.

The Muse who claimed him for her own,
Laments in vain her noble son;
Fame, stepping from her lofty throne
To crown him, ere his race was done,
Weaves cypress in her laurel-wreath
To place upon his grave beneath.

The woodland creatures which he knew —
They brought his soul such pure content —

With whom in kinship still he grew
Within their leafy tenement,
Would they not grieve if made aware
On what lone quest he must now fare?

*Maurice
Thompson*

And shall we mourn for him to-day
Because his guerdon soon was won?
He who late bore into the fray
The banner of a Roussillon.
All toil for him is rest; all strife
Merged in the universal life.

The star that guides him goes before;
He follows where the spirit leads.
To God's vast realms one great soul more
Departs, illustrious for his deeds.
Peace be with him: but grief for us,
Who loved him and who lost him thus!

SHE KNOWS

SHE knows who knows me best
Why she to me is loveliest;
How birds that sing and flowers that grow
Bring love's delicious overflow
Of gladness to my thrilling sense
Through womanhood I reverence.
She knows who knows me all
How all this wonder could befall;
Shrining within me, sweet and pure,
The angel in love's garniture.

STAR AND FLOWER

WERT thou a star that would be to me
Radiant with glory of light and balm;
Set like an isle in an azure sea,
An isle of beauty and peace and calm;
A star to which in the hush of night,
When blossoms sleep, and winds are still,
A spirit might kneel in pure delight,
Ah, what a bliss would my spirit fill!

Wert thou a flower to my caress,
Rich with a fragrance too pure to breathe;
Perfect in bloom and in loveliness,
Such as the brow of a god might wreath;
Or lie like a gem in a maiden's hair,
Wherein to glow like a jeweled seal,
Mingling its scent with the perfume there,
Ah, what a joy would my spirit feel!

But thou art neither a star nor flower,
Only a maiden both fair and sweet;
A sunbeam born of the passing hour,
Breaking the shadows before my feet.
And yet because I must yearn for bliss,
And thrill my soul with the sad desire,
I dream thou art such a flower as this,
I dream thou art such a star of fire!

VISIONS

WHAT antique pageantry of shades forlorn
Treads stately through the regions of my brain ?
What revelries made prodigal through pain
Of brooding thought ? Sounds of some mighty horn,
As if through valleys green and forests borne;
Thunder of battle on a sodden plain,
Mingle with visions of a motley train
Arrayed in vestures as of crimson morn.
Then silence sweet succeeds, and, to the sight,
The balm of blindness: to the weary mind
The peace of placid days on some green height
Beneath whose slope rich pastures roll away.
Gone are those marvelous visions; and behind
The mist-clad hills I see the break of day !

ORNAMENTS

LET not the world submit itself to show,
For ornament serves only to demean.
Whilst all the opulence that we forego
Will nearer bring the greater world unseen.
Is it the gaudy plumage of the birds
That wafts sweet melody from scented boughs ?
Can jewels make more pure the crown that girds
With chastity the maidens' marble brows ?
Kingly the nature kingly, not the state
Which circumscribes it; nor the robe nor crown;
Nor servitors, nor lords in arms of steel.
Bare as yon blue skies is the form of Fate
When from the heavens she descendeth down,
To seal men's lips with her eternal seal !

SAMSON – LABOR

O SAMSON – LIKE and blind, with hair - shorn
strength

Seems Labor now;
Who will awake him in his might at length ?

Who will remind him of his noble vow,
To preach to all the people of each nation
The glorious gospel of Emancipation ?

Lo, from the temple of Humanity

There comes a voice;
It thunders to his heart and cries, “ Be free !

That all the world of workers may rejoice.
Are you—who won world-battles with your bravery—
Content to wear the fetters of such slavery ?

“ No chains, however strong, can ever bind
With iron bands

The freedom of your soul. Awake, and find

You are not even free in Freedom’s lands.
Has God decreed that you alone should labor,
And be a wage-slave to your wealthy neighbor ?

“ Will you forever toil for lord or king ?

O bitter shame!
Will you the fruits of all your labor bring
That millionaires may fatten on the same ?
The whirlwind they have sowed is ripe for reaping;
The scythe of vengeance is within your keeping.

“ O Samson-Labor, they believe you blind,

Samson-Labor

Those masters, who

However much you toil and toil will find

Still greater toil for your strong hands to do.

Hark! do you not hear war’s dread bugles blowing?

Whither are all those mighty armies going?

“ All glorious works on earth by you were built;

On every soil

The dew-drops of your agony are spilt.

What vast endurance, what eternal toil!

Yet when I read the annals of your story,

Who has received the guerdon of such glory?

“ Look upwards to the rainbows that I make

Over your head:

Let all the world perceive you are awake,

And that your noble spirit is not dead.

The greed of all the ages and their burden

Must never rob you of your splendid guerdon.

“ For this, O Samson-Labor, all my strength

I give you now:

For this I give you perfect sight at length,

And place this crown of thorns upon your brow:

You are the true Christ of Emancipation;

Go forth and preach the gospel to each nation ! ”

DIVINE ORDINANCES

THOUGH all seems visibly design,
Thy wisdom is not understood;
Yet all Thy wonders are divine,
And all Thy works are wrought for good.

An humble and a contrite heart,
O God, Thou never canst despise ;
For we of Thee are still a part,
Though Thou art all, our soul replies.

Yea, all art Thou in every way;
So far our spirits may perceive
As our life's woof day after day
The fatal shuttles weave and weave.

Why ever woven who can tell
But those who run Thy fabric through ?
Threads crimson with the fires of hell,
Threads colored like the heaven's blue.

How shall we best deserve Thy praise,
And all Thy wondrous gifts that bless ?
How make the fullness of the days
Conquer vast fate's gigantic stress ?

How shall we gain life's splendid crown ?
How reach through toil and suffering
The faith that makes the veriest clown
Equal in glory with a king ?

For greater grows our faith in Thee,
Richer our patience and our trust
That all which is humanity
Is not corruptible to dust.

*Divine
Ordinances*

That though our forms be of the sod,
And moulded by the hands of fate,
Our souls can reach to thee, O God,
Though ages bar us from the gate.

Vast æons pass ; they are a day
To Thy omniscience divine :
Great empires flourish and decay,
Stars crumble, suns shall cease to shine :

Yet truly shall we come to know
That perfect faith is not in vain,
And shatter with one mighty blow
The fetters of this earthly chain !

THE AWAKENING

ONE by one have bloomed and perished
Every blossom that I cherished,
Dim the eyes which fondly beaming
Brought my soul such pure delight ;
Life has passed from me in dreaming,
I awaken in the night :
What is God if I am right ?

BIRD AND FLOWER

HAD I the voice of a bird could I sing it ?
Had I the fragrance of flowers could I breathe it ?
Had I the wings of the morn could I bring it ?
Had I the glory of twilight bequeath it ?
 This that is mine, dear,
 The love I enshrine, dear ;
 The love as a god with the crown that I wreath it.

Everything, sweet, that is beautiful passes;
 Everything nature still nurtures diurnal:
Birds and the fields' fairest flowers and grasses;
 Only the stars in the heavens supernal.
 Love is a star, love,
 Shining afar, love;
 Love is a star in its glory eternal!

Ah, but the birds and the flowers are token
 Both of the skies and the fields they attended.
Both can reveal what the soul leaves unspoken,
 Yea, if the song and the fragrance be blended.
 Love hath its wings, dear.
 Love as it sings, dear,
Over the fields from the flowers ascended.

Never of fragrance can flowers be sated ;
 Never of song can the birds be fulfilled, dear:
Fragrance and song in the spirit are mated,
 One in the spirit with love that is thrilled, dear:
 Thrilled with the blisses
 Of love such as this is,
Dew from the cup that an angel hath spilled, dear !

So as we wend on our way to the altar,
Jubilant songs shall arise from its choir, dear:
Flowers shall follow our steps, though we falter,
Even till Hymen shall crown our desire, dear:
 Crowning immortal
 The love at his portal;
Until death dimmeth life's torches of fire, dear!

*Bird and
Flower*

AT THE WINDOW

I SEE you at the window every night,
 And yet you will not condescend to speak:
I oft imagine that your eyes are bright
 With love, and that love's tints suffuse your cheek;
There like a star you linger in my sight,
 The Holy Grail my inmost soul doth seek.

O do not put to such sweet dreams a bar,
 Nor chide what makes life's sadness pass away;
By thinking you are fairer than a star,
 By thinking you are purer than the day;
Dreaming that time can never come to mar
 That beautiful form wrought in God's living clay!

THE DYING POET

'TIS time that I should cease to write :
 O happy, happy days of yore!

Strange voices call me from the height
 With sad insistence, more and more.

'Tis time that I should cease at last,
 O'erfraught with weariness is my soul;
Life's phantom warder, vague and vast,
 Extorts from me eternal toll.

O then I lived alone for truth;
 I grieved not at the lapsing hours:
Leagued in bright wonderment with youth,
 And with the soul's surpassing powers;
And these with nature formed a link.
 I saw the peace beyond the strife
While standing on the narrowing brink
 Of the eternal stream of life.

God's minstrel! So I held me vowed:
 What mockery is man's conceit!
How little is the all allowed
 Of all the vastness at our feet!
Had I the vision or the power—
 Had I the wisdom to divine
The mystery hidden in a flower,
 What dreams, what dreams, of old were mine!

Night after night; when, in the skies,
 Like some great retinue of kings,
I saw each mighty orb arise,
 Mars, Jupiter, Saturn with his rings;

Night after night of lucid calm,
Where nature's vast cathedral stood,
My thrilling spirit sang its psalm
With life's immortal Brotherhood!

*The Dying
Poet*

They seemed around me, one by one :
What knows the soul of near or far ?
Shakespeare, resplendent as a sun;
And Dante, a tempestuous star;
And Milton, seraph pure of song;
And Homer, peer of all in prime :
And many more that formed the throng
Of bards in brotherhood sublime.

We follow but the spirit-spark
That comes from His eternal mind;
Poor mortals groping in the dark,
Vastness before, vastness behind !
What radiant visions haunt the air ?
What angels chant antiphonies ?
What beauteous forms are these that bare
Love's gonfalon from over seas ?

O could youth's days return once more;
Bringing the keen insatiate bliss
Of thoughts that followed fast in lore:
Could life insurgent render this.
Too late, too late, alas ! too late;
The shadows more and more increase:
Like woeful Dante at the gate,
The soul within me whispers, "Peace!"

*The Dying
Poet*

Peace! — One by one we pass away —
 O opportunity sublime,
To make eternity's to-day
 Remembered to eternal time!
Still is it left us to aspire,
 And with indomitable breath
To climb to summits higher and higher
 Above the tablelands of death.

Yet heavily the moments fall
 Upon a being bowed with care;
And faint the spirit tones that call,
 And forms from dreamland fill the air.
Where are the birds that sang so sweet,
 And made me kindred with their race?
The flowers that danced before my feet,
 Where are they gone? to what fair place?

Gone! and I with them too must go:
 Rumors of battle reach my ears.
Blow, Azrael; let thy trumpet blow!
 I enter now the vale of tears.
Summon your hosts before my sight,
 That I may have my fill of these:—
O father, if again I might
 Sit like a child upon your knees.

O world of men which I must leave,
 I hungered so to win your praise!
What bitter dole did I receive
 For all my tasks in other days.

In the bright lexicon of youth,
Ye say, there's no such word as fail:
I go again to seek the Truth —
Farewell, farewell, O world; and — Hail!

*The Dying
Poet*

COME NOT, O DEATH!

Come not, O Death, with brow
Unchapleted, forlorn;
For life too well hath taught me how
To mourn.
But come with radiant smile to bless
My sad forsaken heart;
As lovers lingeringly caress
Before they part.

O come, nor tarry long!
Am I not fair and young?
Come ere the ending of the song
Be sung.
Come as if Love were in thy place:
(O why did he depart?)
Be thine the passionate embrace
That breaks my heart!

FOREWARNINGS

DEAR, because all life is but a vision,
And our soul's desire
Lures us on to fields that seem Elysian;
As a star of fire
Lures yet guides a wanderer o'er the ocean,
Therefore be
What thou art in all my soul's devotion
Unto me.

Shall we turn Love's honeyed sweets to bitter
With hot lips impure?
Nay, then swift surrender would be fitter
Of all dreams that lure:
Or of blissful days that bring their splendor
To the soul.
Not a part, but all must we surrender,
Give the whole.

Give, and it shall unto thee be given;
Thus did Jesus speak.
Look, a purer life, a richer heaven
Doth my spirit seek.
Shall I seek it then and not possess it,
If we share
That which shall reward the soul and bless it
Here and there?

Here and there are one, if one we make it;
If we break to bind.
Lo, the past, how gladly I forsake it,
Looking not behind.

Clasp my hands, dear; speak as I have spoken. *Forewarnings*
 Bless the troth:
And its vows shall nevermore be broken
 For us both.

Then with stronger hearts and lighter burdens
 Shall we tread life's path.
Passion-flowers give the soul no guerdons,
 Rather fiercely scathe.
Garland not the weary soul with glory
 Ere it win:
Love itself, how oft — alas, the story —
 Leads to sin !

Shall it not be different with us, dearest,
 Dearer still than life ?
Till the day that brings thee nearer, nearest,
 Crowns thee all my wife!
So shall love grow precious, filled with beauty,
 Perfect, sweet:
And our bliss before the shrine of duty
 Be complete.

RESURGAM

SINK not to depths of infinite decline,
 Something within the soul is still divine,
Absorbing splendor from the furthest star:
 Life is a spirit, death its avatar,
Love the sublime apostle of the soul,
 All things create of God, and God the goal !

FATE

FORTUNE is not so fickle as seems Fate,
Although Fate be eternally decreed.
Reap thou life's fruits; sow love not hate for seed;
Bear thou thy cross to Calvary elate.
Inward we are divine: soul within soul,
Zone within zone, God centered in all things,
Immortally we struggle for the goal;
“Onward,” the voice of Hope within us sings.
Not in despondency nor in despair
Is victory for those who would achieve:
Glory is never gained by those who grieve.
Less heavy will the burdens seem we bear,
And Life's immortal crown be doubly fair,
When everlasting death doth send reprieve.

DESTINY

O DESTINY, implacably man's foe!
The wailing of the winter wind that frets
Against each city's spires and minarets,
As conscious of the aching hearts below,
I would that it could wail thy overthrow.
There is no day departs, no sun that sets,
But fills me with innumerable regrets;
The guerdon of the gifts thou dost bestow.
Keen is the saber of insatiate Time,
Cleaving a wide swath through the ranks of years
That battle on eternity's domain:
But O, what Power, however vast, sublime,
Can e'er dethrone thee from amidst thy peers
Where, like a god immortal, thou dost reign?

AUTUMN MORNING

THIS morning, as the virgin dawn
Arose in splendor,
I treaded many a dewy lawn
Of grasses tender.

Sought many a quiet fragrant spot
From men secluded,
Where I reposed and mused, but not
In sadness brooded.

Peace was within me and around,
Through earth's distillment:
As if my soul at last had found
Divine fulfillment.

The trees above me had embraced
In pure caressing;
Their passion did not seem unchaste,
But rich with blessing.

I loved the odor of the ground,
Though rank and sodden;
As soft as moss the earth I found
My feet had trodden.

Red leaves had fallen in each path,
And gold and yellow;
But few had felt the season's wrath,
Whose days were mellow.

*Autumn
Morning*

Green boughs were swaying everywhere,
And gently sighing;
The undulations of the air
To theirs replying.

What incense rich from every shrine
The air pervaded;
Cool sanctuaries made divine
By what they shaded.

Such beautiful springing flowers and plants,
In spirit nameless;
To whom the birds their wanton chants
Still caroled shameless.

Dipping their wings in that sweet dew
Which lies upon them,
As if they surely felt and knew
Their songs had won them.

Won from them what fruition sweet,
What bridal token:
What things no spirit may repeat,
No lips have spoken.

With song they consecrated morn;
Whose light was chrism
To that new life divinely born
With God's baptism.

What recked they of the stricken soul,
The lips beseeching?
They were too joyous to condole,
Too pure for preaching.

Though not unconscious of that Power
Whose benediction
Giveth in every herb and flower
Divine conviction.

*Autumn
Morning*

O men, men, men! who deem earth's dross
The god to cherish,
These never doomed upon the cross
Their Christ to perish.

'Tis we who for a pittance sell
Our birthright glorious,
Making those fallen fiends of hell
For once victorious.

Slowly did I retrace my path
Into the city;
My spirit was not filled with wrath,
But thrilled with pity!

THINK OF ME

IN the morning, when the glory of the sunshine
Purples all the rugged hills, the surgent sea;
Thrills the verdurous valleys into rapture,
 Think of me.

In some quiet haunt, some fragrant forest olden,
Where a river floweth onward murmuringly,
And the leaves of autumn fall both sere and golden,
 Think of me.

There within the vast cathedral of the ages,
Where belief in God transcends mortality,
And our spirit breathes the peace that assuages,
 Think of me.

Think of me when through the meadows slowly
wending,
And the fragrance of the flowers soothe and bless:
And the hues of sea and sky so brightly blending
 Thrill no less.

Think of me when silently the evening shadows
Deepen; and the radiance and the glory of the day
From the woodland's quiet haunts and cowslipped
 meadows
Pass away.

And when Night her stars unveils in all their splendor,
And the peace of God descends on earth and sea;
Though apart, yet bound by troths so sweet and
 tender,
 Think of me!

KINDNESS

K INDNESS is a simple flower,
And yet magical in power:
Trample it beneath your feet,
Still it seems to smell more sweet.
Friendship wears it on its brows;
Love a shrine for it allows;
Pity, though she ever grieves,
Seeks life's comfort in its leaves;
Hope, serenely pure and fair,
Brings it to the home of Care;
Charity in all the land
Walketh with it in her hand.
Do the lips of sorrow rave ?
Do the hands of labor slave ?
Do the weary hearts bewail ?
Do the loftiest spirits fail ?
Yet to all it brings a sign
Of those blessings deemed divine.
Every leaf is as a seal
Of the Lord who came to heal.
Howsoever bleak the ways,
Howsoever dark the days,
Kindness sheds its fragrant bloom,
Like a star dispels the gloom.
Humblest blossom of the sod,
Yet it wears the crown of God !

THE CONSECRATION

SUCH inexpressive gladness fills
My soul: such benison divine
Mingles my spirit's love with thine,
That all mortality, its ills,
Its intense passions, its regret;
Its grief, its pain,
I do disdain,
Or but remember to forget.

All things that bloom do but reveal
The gladness that within me dwells:
The lilies and the asphodels;
The daisy with the sun-god's seal;
The violet, the marigold,
The dewiest rose
Love's garden knows,
Blossom within me, fold on fold.

And in the matin-song of birds
I hear the bridal service sung,
Zephyr repeats it with a tongue
That syllables inarticulate words.
The flowers breathe it unto me;
The placid sky,
The stars on high,
Reveal it in their purity.

All nature robed in perfect white
Unto my radiant spirit seems.
Ah, what a benison of dreams
Come to me in the hush of night,

As in my chamber lone I read:
But leave the book
For one fond look
Of thy dear blessed face indeed !

*The
Consecration*

O come to me, my bride, my wife!
Even so do I desire thee now:
Fulfill the consecrated vow
That shall unite us one in life.
Mingle thy spirit with my own:
With bridal kiss
Render me bliss,
Render me bliss, my love alone; my own,
my own!

I CHARGE THEE TO PREPARE

I CHARGE thee to prepare for that dark hour
Which cometh unto all. Most absolute
In its divine law unto flower and fruit,
How oft it cometh ere the fruit hath flower.
Not all man's glory nor his pomp and power
Can bribe it, for its servitors are mute:
How silently they cleave, e'en to the root,
Each tree, and pluck it from its leafy bower.
Is it with consecration and with prayer,
Is it with laughter and with mockery,
That thou await'st it? Who knows when and where
It comes, this herald of eternity?
Lo, yon king tottering from his gilded chair!
O beauteous maiden, who hath stricken thee?

WERE I WORTH THY PRAISE

DEAR, were I worth thy praise,
All that I am to thee,
All that I fain would be,
All in so many ways;
Should God not recompense
(Until death do us part)
The noble and intense
Devotion of thy heart?

Be it as He doth will:
Though I be rank and stained,
If what He hath ordained
I struggle to fulfill,
Joy yet may crown the deed,
Exceeding joy on earth;
Since I confess the need
Of equaling thy worth.

Worth worthy all award;
Womanhood passing praise;
The beauty of whose ways
So beautifully accord.
Goodness that still expends
Its perfect joy in grace:
Could not these make amends
Though all my life were base?

'Tis for myself I plead;
If I forsake the cross
Shall mine not be the loss?
Say that the trial exceed

All that soul could resist,
Shall I then cry 'tis night,
And the true way is missed,
When I have seen the light ?

*Were I Worth
Thy Praise*

Love me, dearest, for all
Which I may yet be worth;
Whether for grief or mirth,
Whether I rise or fall.
Love me! I will repay:
Even though words are weak,
Yet there will come a day
When all my soul can speak.

PATIENCE

BE patient, love, for it will not be long
Ere we again look in each other's eyes,
And the old love and the old life resume
Which blend in perfect song.
My spirit to your spirit still replies,
Though transient division be their doom.

Be patient, love, for soon that day must break;
Its pallid stars will flee before the sun,
And one by one its shadows will depart.
And then shall we awake,
And know the spell which bound us was but one
Which bound still closer beating heart to heart!

IN ABSENCE

YOU came unto me in my dreams
Last night; how, shall I say?
So beautiful still the vision seems
Which came at break of day,
And whispered softly in my ear:
“ Do you still love me, Laurie dear ? ”

What words I answered, can you guess —
You who have been a part
Of every dream of happiness
That ever thrilled my heart,
Can you not guess what I replied
To that fair spirit by my side ?

And at my words the spirit smiled:
So beautiful and sweet
Its features were, that like a child
I knelt me at its feet;
And kissed its hands, and did not cease
Until the spirit whispered, “ Peace !

“ Place not your love on earthly things;
Since this fair form of mine
Possessing your imaginings,
Is only as a shrine
Wherein my true soul may abide:
But let my spirit be your bride.

“ Then will your love not be in vain;
And neither space nor time
Can ever sunder us in twain,
Nor age succeeding prime;

But be immortal e'en in death,
Who all things mortal severeth."

I wept: such gladness overfilled
 My heart at what I heard.
Then sunshine with its glory thrilled
 My spirit till it stirred.
I waked: and O how weak is will —
I waked, and found me weeping still!

REMEMBRANCES

TO-DAY, all sweet recurrences of thought
 Filling my mind, as fragrance fills the flowers,
Became Love's ministers of grace and brought
 Remembrance of those ever blissful hours,
Whose sequence in seclusion calm did seem
 Like realizing some enchanted dream.

Spring, the magician of those days of old,
 Had woven for our couch of pleasures sweet
Numberless blossoms, blue and white and gold;
 A brooklet brawled beyond our cool retreat.
Remembrance of what sorrows then could cloy
Our harborage in such herbage of spring's joy?

O love, to-day such memories of the past
 Render again their moiety of bliss.
Has love not proved us faithful to the last,
 And consecrated every hallowed kiss?
Let Death come now, arrayed as Love once came,
Our hearts are his, like censers filled with flame!

L. of C.

NATURE

IN Nature nothing so minute
But Life doth form some part of it;
Yet though all life seems absolute
What know we of the heart of it?

Amidst creation vast, uncouth
We stand and subtly prate of it;
We dream we see the temple Truth
Though scarcely near the gate of it.

Presentiments august disturb
The minds that mould the best of us;
The fiery thoughts we cannot curb
Still come and go unguessed of us.

What is life's purpose? What its goal?
And how shall we attain to it?
If there be universal soul,
We kneel, alas! in vain to it.

Baffled by what seems infinite,
And staggered by immensity,
Where shall we find the star whose light
Can pierce this mortal density?

Thus through the æons man has wrought,
A god in opportunity;
The All that still eludes his thought
Makes death his one immunity!

THE GRAVE

A LITTLE light among the skies,
A speck of gray above the hills;
The boughs that sway and bend and rise
 Make answer to the wild wind's will;
The myriad leaves seem never still.

A little shade retired and cool,
Retired from pilgrims passing near;
A moss-surrounded drowsy pool
 Collected where the gaunt boughs rear
Their dank thick foliage year by year.

A little mound covered with flowers,
Alone within the forest's maze,
Alone within its somber bowers;
 Near it a form who kneels and prays
Forgiveness for other days.

A wooden cross above the grave;
“ My mother.” This was all it said.
He was a wanderer o'er the wave;
 Returning, he had found her dead;
And all his joy in life seemed fled.

And he had placed above that earth,
Above the grave of her he loved,
The one who gave his being birth,
 This simple cross. His heart had proved
Life's deepest loss nor stood unmoved.

Then to his ship again returned,
And as he gained his vessel's side
And saw the deep sea chopped and churned,
He said, "Such is our life,— a tide
Flowing as boundlessly and wide.

"Each one chained to his destiny;
Each one 'cribbed, cabined, and confined.'
The noble largess of the sea,
The mighty affluence of the wind,
Mocking the limits of the mind.

"Still buffeted by every storm
Misfortune's winds may bring along;
Those vast assailants without form
That shatter us, however strong;
Until we cry, 'O God, how long !'

"Our truth a lie, we dream a while;
Our toil a death to every nerve:
The fates pursue us to beguile;
Born that we may all passions serve,
Yet with resolves that nought can swerve.

"Strong in our thoughts, in flesh how weak;
The weakness of mortality.
With mighty impulses to speak
The magic words of Sesame,
Whose talisman would set us free.

"Still resolute, but prone to fail,
With unseen powers to resist;
Though fortified with coat of mail,
They smite us with a lance of mist,
And we are carried from the list."

THE SILENT CITY

IF the sun had not been sinking slow
There where the world-ships come and go,
I had deemed the day was scarcely born,
For nature wore the bloom of morn.

I walked between the flowery mounds;
I had long since passed the city's bounds;
Still musing as each grave appeared,
Yet neither sad at heart nor cheered.

And as each epitaph I read
Inscribed above the sacred dead,
I wondered whether God was just,
Whose love we dream of in the dust.

The world is one vast brotherhood:
And yet how little understood
The touch that makes the whole world kin,
Until we come to dwell herein.

And here forever we abide;
And here we all are glorified;
And one by one we still increase
The joy of this eternal peace.

Like shards of ore of every sort
Cast into nature's vast retort,
So God's mysterious hand may mould
The baser metals into gold.

*The Silent
City*

How shall I verify my trust
That we are something more than dust ?
Strip off the bark from every bole,
Does nature then reveal the soul ?

Though so majestic in array,
So transitory is our clay,
I hesitate in every sense
To render it my reverence.

And yet how else shall life reveal
Its imprint, its diviner seal ?
How otherwise in glory drape
The spirit in its earthly shape ?

Though even the rarest ether mars
The light refracted from the stars,
And with inimical things we cope,
Yet let us seek the grander hope :

Not in the tomb or lofty pile,
With marble sculptured peristyle,
Nor underneath the cypress' shade ;
Nor by the weeping willows laid :

But in the still small voice that speaks
The promise which our spirit seeks :
Whose might shall lift these granite lids,
And disentomb the pyramids !

HAPPY DAYS

In meadows deep with clover,
In groves of beech and pine,
To live those glad days over,
Ah, love, what joys were mine!
What joy to idly follow
The alder-shaded stream;
To watch the soaring swallow,
And dream this life a dream.

Once more to live and linger
Beneath the harvest moon;
Or list that joyous singer
That thrills the fields of June:
Or watch the poppies growing
Among the tasseled corn;
Or hear the zephyrs blowing
Reveille to the morn!

We'd garland ferns and flowers,
We'd mingle branch and spray:
But who can wreath the hours
Of happy yesterday?
In other paths and places
The yearning soul must seek
Those passionate embraces
That left our spirits meek.

Ah, love, the old life passes!
What new life blooms amain?
Amidst what dewy grasses
What fields of ripened grain?

Happy Days

What nook where Summer slumbers
Or Autumn leaves lie dead?
Whose boughs no Spring encumbers
With blossoms overhead.

What songs again shall thrill us?
What star of dawn or night
Shall evermore fulfill us
Those dreams of rich delight?
What chiming bells awaken
Our souls at break of day?
What paths have we forsaken?
Far, far, far away!

Ah, days that will return not,
In joy together spent;
Our souls at best should yearn not
For such divine content:
For fear one thought of sorrow
Should come to mar our troth,
And life no more could borrow
A cup of bliss for both.

Sweet were those dreams we cherished,
Whose fragrance we exhale:
We loved them ere they perished,
Ere youth seemed but a tale.
Now though the way grows darkened
And all the paths are dim,
We too have sung and harkened
Our soul's responsive hymn.

We gladly wove and wore it,—
Our wreath of love divine:
And gladly kneeled before it,—
Love's high marmoreal shrine:
And placing on its altar
Our sacrifice of tears,
O love, why should we falter,
Since God has blessed the years!

Happy Days

TWOFOLD THE GIFT

TWOFOLD the gift thou hast on me conferred;
First the sweet gift of love,
All other gifts above,
Making my heart more joyful than a bird.
Then the pure gift of faith,
Which has dispelled the wraith
Of fear; and can dispel
The phantom of despair:
Binding with fragrant wreaths of asphodel
The furrowed brow of Care.
And these two gifts have brought me happiness:
And yet not less, dear love, not less
Must I express
Due thanks to God, who thus could bless
My heart by making mine
A part of thine,
Mingling my earthly love with your divine.

Therefore, belovéd God, my prayers receive:
All my appointed days to Thee I leave.
With Thine own saint to guide, how can life weave
Those meshes to ensnare me past reprieve?

NEMESIS

WHEN I my soul in glory would array,
I hear an inner voice that bids me wait;
An inner voice that speaks to me like fate
And tells me that I am alone of clay.
Aye, even the spirit reverent to-day,
And unto vastest powers consecrate,
It doth debase to such a mortal state
As subject unto visible decay.
And I, defiant of the scorn of time,
Enduring everlasting discontent,
Though broken in my spirit like a reed,
Listen, as if the thunder rolled sublime
Over the vast and infinite firmament,
And wonder if it be God's voice indeed!

FORTITUDE

"I WILL not wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at." So within myself,
Against the inhumanity of pelf,
Loves that betray and friendships that deceive,
In fortitude incasual not content,
Yet obstinate in solitary life,
It holds supreme avoidance of all strife
That brings the soul perforce impediment.
"Peace," saith the prelate, "comes to those who
trust."
"Have faith," Decorum whispers: "Patience,"
Pride.
I tread on these as I would tread on dust,
The dust to which myself in all belong;
Till unremembered of the lips that bide
My passionate devotion unto Song.

THE SOCIALIST

IN or out of season
I must sing my song:
Have I not a reason
 In this world of wrong?
Among men benighted,
 Toiling and oppressed?
'Till their wrongs are righted
 I must do my best.

Preach me not of error,
 Point me not the way;
Night can have no terror
 Where my eyes see day.
Scorn me or deride me,
 In my inmost soul
There's a faith to guide me
 Steadfast as the pole.

While I hear the wailing
 Of the wronged and weak
Sadly unavailing
 Are the words you speak:
Where there is oppression
 Manhood must resist;
Therefore this confession —
 I'm a Socialist!

Pledged to help my brothers
 In their bitter strife;
Fathers, sisters, mothers,
 All that live their life;

All of earth's downtrodden
Poorly clothed and fed;
For the earth is sodden
With the tears they've shed.

Pledged to deeds of duty
Glorious to achieve,
Not to dreams of beauty
Which I may conceive.
Let us strive forever,
O how great the need!
Only through endeavor
Can our cause succeed.

Every back we lighten
Of its burdens sore,
Every home we brighten
Helps us more and more:
O the millions living,
Toiling in the night!
O the task of giving
To such millions light!

They require assurance
Of such days beyond;
They inspire endurance,
For their hearts respond.
Overhead the thunder,
Underneath the dark—
Lo, the lightning wonder,
God has struck a spark!

PROTHALAMIUMS

WHEN rapt in that communion sweet
Which bindeth parted hearts in one,
My spirit speedeth thine to meet,
As rivers unto rivers run:

As melodies diverse unite,
When music issueth from the strings
Of some rare harp that gave delight
In other days to queens and kings:

When rapt in such a bliss, I say,
Whereof no mortal may discourse,
But rather reverently pray
Through overflowing joy perforce:

I know not if I felt the less,
Or know not if I feel the more
The benison of the blessedness
Now mine, although not mine before.

For certes seem the gates unbarred,
The golden gates of Paradise;
Where sinless spirits must discard
The mortal veil before their eyes.

And through the portals do I see
The pure existence of delight,
The future life's felicity
Which shall our wedded souls unite.

Prothalamiums

Can lips intelligently speak
That ope in so divine an air?
Nay, rather is the spirit meek,
Kneeling in adoration there.

What can communicated bliss
Impart besides I may not know,
When with a consecrated kiss
Thy lips the bridal-troth bestow?

For this I gladly feel and see —
No desolation can divide
The bliss that gives thy soul to me
In rendering thee mine, my bride!

THE BEATEN PATH

G O with me, dear, the beaten path,
With voice to soothe and smiles to bless;
Reaping life's glorious aftermath
In many days of happiness.

Go with me with thy heart of gold,
Whose holy worth is worth indeed:
Whose nobler nature shall unfold
The richer sympathy I need.

Go with me with desire to know,
Go with me with the soul to seek
Those vaster fields whose flowers grow
A deeper wisdom than we speak!

Go with me with the heart of hope,
The smile of grace, the soul of truth ;
That I may climb the higher slope
Beyond the fallow fields of youth.

Go with me as a faith to teach,
Go with me as a light to guide;
'Till love commutual blent in each
Will make existence glorified.

O troth that I desire to seal !
O joy I ever yearn to know !
Could reverent love but now reveal
What perfect faith shall then bestow !

O womanly heart I claim as mine,
Blent with the music of the lyre ;
That passionately makes divine
My dreams of passion and desire !

Make glad these arms; these lips, these eyes,
Through perfect rapture thrilling both :
Thy bosom be my paradise,
My richest blessedness thy troth !

THE NEW LIFE

DEAR wife, the mother of my child,
Whose life with mine so sweetly bound
Has pacified my spirit wild,
And made my heart a holy ground.

May He in whose omniscient hands
Are all the woven threads of life,
Still sanctify those sacred bands
That make thee mother now and wife.

God bless thee ! Reverence seems low
That still would kneel before thy feet :
For more than this would love bestow,
Since Love is child of God, my sweet.

And Love gives faith. Nearer belief
I seem to grow, when I behold
God's gift as balsam to our grief,
Though born of sufferings manifold.

Dear wife, dear wife, God's blessings rest
Upon that noble heart of thine !
Whose mercies are so manifest,
Since I can now still call thee mine.

Still kiss those lips so dear to me;
Still see those eyes, whose looks avow
That all thy spirit womanly
Is mine in purest wedlock now.

Still hear thee speak: still hear thee say
“I love thee,” with a voice which long
Has been my blessing night and day,
And sung itself in all my song.

*The New
Life*

Dear wife, the mother of my child,
On barren soil thy love was cast:
But thou wast patient, thou wast mild,
And lo, one flower has bloomed at last!

Shall not its beauty then perfume
The grateful, gladdened heart of both?
Since God has made this blossom bloom
To consecrate our wedded troth!

THE MORGUE

WITHIN this mortal crypt, no more morose,
Lie wonderfully hidden, unrevealed,
Life's meaning and its mystery. How sealed
These lips, how everlasting this repose!
What miseries, what agonies, who knows?
Or stirring trumpet-tones of triumph pealed
Up to the stars, when death no more concealed
The horror of its fearful pangs and throes?
Pilgrims still follow pilgrims to the shrine
Of Mecca, till they number many hosts,
Allured by the idolatries of faith;
But to this ghastly form, once deemed divine,
Congregate none, save still more silent ghosts,
And haggard specters from the land of death!

MOMENTS

ACH moment is a grain of sand
Which by Time's ebbing sea
Is swiftly swept away from land
Into eternity.

What priceless moments have we lost
Upon life's rocky shore:
Yet little reckon we the cost
Of all that we deplore.

And as we weep and vainly gaze
For all those moments sweet,
Perchance some golden moment stays
Unheeded at our feet.

We do not bow to crave of Time
A respite from our fate,
Poor mortals who have failed to climb
The pathways of the great.

Why should we fear to stoop from pride ?
To fall that we may rise ?
Though swayed the tree from side to side,
Still points it to the skies.

If life were only for to-day
Then could we understand
How God Himself might cast away
This world — this grain of sand !

SONNETS

IN those old days, whilst yet we were apart;
Sundered, although united; twain, though one;
Ere yet the current of our life had run
Into each other, blending heart with heart;
Dear love, (let me confess it,) unto Art
Was I all dedicate. Though I had won
No guerdon yet from song, having but spun
A few fine webs, too fragile from the start.
These, dear, your love destroyed: or, let me say,
Transmuted each thin thread till all became
Like shining links of steel to bind more firm
My spirit unto song. O glorious day !
'Twas ever thus, my own, forever came
The winged butterfly from out the worm.

Shall I repent then, dear ? Thus forced to lose
A few dim dreams that seemed to intertwine
Earth's glory with a glory more divine;
So much their splendor did my soul transfuse.
I had my choice before me: did I choose
Wrongly, beloved ? Nay, since thou art mine,
My song has found herself a holier shrine,
A perfect sanctuary for the Muse.
All, all thou art to me; and dost inspire
More than those visions known in other days.
And thou hast brought me peace to all desire,
And rich is my reward: since I have found
That I am happier, dear one, when crowned
By thy sweet love than by the whole world's praise.

Sonnets Dear, when my simple verses you peruse,
 Haply, some fancy here and there may please;
 If so, forgive the poorer lines for these.
Alas! if life were mine again to choose,
I would not dedicate it to the Muse,
 To follow after blind Maeonides;
 But rather sink it in profoundest seas,
Where all adventured were but all to lose.
But now, too late regret: or right or wrong
 My task in life is chosen. And perforse
I dedicate my spirit unto song;
 Guiding my life's frail bark by such a course.
But O how lone the path, the way how long!
 And if I fail, how bitter the remorse!

Yea, pathless seems the way, where none may meet
 Whereon the poet fareth. Ever far
 Gleam those vast heights where all his glories are.
He treads a path untrod by other feet.
Yet does the bitter mingle with the sweet,
 And all the splendor of his visions mar:
 And dark clouds hide his spirit's radiant star,
And strange weird voices lure him with deceit.
Then, if when thus deluded, led astray,
 He seek some form divine for recompense,
 And render to one woman the intense,
Fierce passions of his heart; who shall gainsay
 The poet such delight? Whose loftiest sense
Is thrilled with such sweet yearnings every day!

THE INVETERATE YEARS

B ELOVÉD, though the inveterate years make haste
To sunder, through inquietude of heart,
From placid dreams immutable of Art,
My saddened youth; and make the garden waste
Where grew all flowers beautiful and chaste,
Since there I hoped serenely to depart
A hermit from life's overcrowded mart,
Yet hath one joy those dreams of old replaced:
This, that the tempest though it beat, though blow
All mighty winds, though all around be dark,
And not a star illumine seas or skies,
I shall not fear on fearful ways to go,
Guided by that which guides my wandering bark,
The love within thy heart and in thine eyes!

THY WOMANHOOD

W HEN I thy radiant womanhood perceive,
Unconscious of the beauty glorified
Which in thy perfect spirit doth abide,
I in my supplications crave reprise
Of death for thee. So life might ever leave
Thy form unto its beauteous soul allied:
But knowing by decree my dream denied,
In silent meditation do I grieve.
Not therefore do I deem the mould divine,
The vesture of the spirit wastes away;
Yea, momently decayeth, being clay;
Consuming as the incense on a shrine.
But such surpassing womanhood as thine
Like some immortal marble form should stay!

MY FIRST ILLNESS

A S here I lie upon my couch of pain,
This the first visitation in my life
Of serious illness, how the world's vast strife,
The fearfulness of which I oft complain,
Recedes into some infinite inane;
Whilst holier thoughts within my mind are rife:
And with thee here beside me, gentle wife,
Why should I not recover health again?
Belovéd, what a lesson dost thou teach
Of meek humility and patience strong! —
Dear God, one grace I crave, one boon beseech;
That in my earnest ministry of song,
The fragrance and the flowers of my speech,
Though gifts of Thine, may unto her belong.

YEARNINGS

W OULD thou wert with me wandering in a field;
Though the keen winter wind on every wold
Should smite each living thing with bitter cold,
And not one pale primrose the woods should yield.
Thy love would be before me as a shield,
A panoply around me, fold on fold;
A light above me; as the aureoled
Sun when at dawn his glory is revealed.
O, I am weary of the rush and roar,
The tumult and the traffic of the street;
Of gold men make their god, but lo, its feet
Are clay. What worth here hath a poet's lore?
And art is long, and life, alas! will fleet,
And Charon waits impatient on the shore.

EASTER – DAY

'T IS Easter - day, and like some heavenly dove
From whose white wings can nought but
blessings fall,

So Hope and Peace to-day, and perfect Love,
Should spread their glorious banners over all !

So may He bless our babe, in whose dear name
We christen her to-day; that she may be
Perfect in womanhood, and so proclaim
His perfect love, His pure divinity.

* * * * *

The passage of the years, how swift,
Their consummation, O how brief !

Whatever they may bring as gift,
One gift they ever bring us — Grief.

So have they sped on swiftest wings
Since first we met that happy day:
More sadly now the poet sings,
Who sees youth's visions fade away.

And less the Muses do inspire
His soul to sing prophetic truth:
For on his lips their sacred fire
Seems perished with his perished youth.

Life's many burdens and their care,
Misdeeds committed and remorse,
Have made the world not half so fair
As when youth ran his joyous course.

Such brooding thoughts were mine. When, lo,
Remembrance showed what hopes were left.

Easter-Day

These lilies with their cups of snow
Are not of loveliness bereft.

Five years ago, my love, this morn,
I sang what such could symbolize:
The Christ from earth to heaven upborne
The Resurrection and uprise.

As I sang then so sing I still —
The Love whose everlasting grace
Is witness of His sovereign Will
Can bless whatever hearts embrace.

And make more holy and divine
Whatever hearts may at the gate
Of Pardon plead. At love's pure shrine
All sins become regenerate.

And I, an alien in a land
I love, since all I love is here,
Regenerated do I stand
Before that shrine so pure and dear.

Thy love — the love that binds us both:
And is so infinitely beyond
All speech of mine, that, as a troth,
These lilies shall for me respond.

So these accept from me. The heart
That renders doth as well receive:
Together, though the years depart,
Together still, why should we grieve ?

Hold high aloft the torch of life,
Clearly and purely let it burn;
And then the stars themselves, dear wife,
An answering signal will return.

BEHIND THE VEIL

B RING what the future may,
It cannot so assail
But that some blessed day
Our spirits will not fail
Each other to embrace forevermore,
Behind the veil, dear love, behind the veil!

Now is but stir and stress,
Then will be joy and peace:
Now much unhappiness,
Then love that will not cease,
But through the grace of God forevermore
Immortal in its blessedness increase.

Shall we not then await
Whatever life may bring?
Dreams through the ivory gate,
With all their flattering,
Cannot allure us from the gate of horn,
Whence all true dreams and noble thoughts
take wing.

So when in life we part
Our spirits will not fail,
But from our inmost heart
Cry unto Death, "All hail!"
Knowing we shall be one forevermore,
Behind the veil, dear heart, behind the veil!

HUMILITY

THY glory who shall dare exalt,
O gracious God who art divine?
A sinner full of shame and fault,
I only kneel me at Thy shrine.
I only pray
For truth and light,
Although my day
Be turned to night.

Thy goodness is my only hope;
Let my salvation be Thy care.
In darkness doth my spirit grope,
And yet I do not feel despair.
I only ask,
I only crave
To do my task
Beyond the grave.

Of all Thy children deem me less,
Of all life's sinners deem me more;
Fill Thou my cup with bitterness
Until it shall be running o'er.
My soul shall bear
Without complaint,
And seek through prayer
To cleanse its taint.

For still will I repose in Thee
My faith, my living hope and trust;
Until my spirit shall be free
From its frail chrysalis of dust.

As Thou didst give,
So take away.
Let me not live
Hence from to-day.

Humility

SLUMBER

SWEET repose but cometh to a spirit
When it sleeps,
If no phantom form of Sorrow near it
Vigil keeps.

Then the eyes with unseen balm are laden,
And we rest
Like a rose upon the bosom of a maiden
Softly pressed.

Soothed to sleep with purest of caresses
Do we seem;
As a child who all its soul expresses
In a dream.

Blissful is the deep repose thus taken
In the night,
For at morn our souls will reawaken
With delight.

MARK ANTONY

I AM dying, Egypt, dying;
I have fought on many a field,
But the foe there's no defying
Conquers me and I must yield.
Let men know I have departed,
Not ignoble in defeat,
But a Roman, Roman-hearted,
Though my conquest is complete.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Death is at my bearded lips,
With the blood around me lying,
Morbid balm in crimson drips.
All my triumphs, all my glory,
All the greatness fame conferred,
All the folly of my story,
Let them be with me interred.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Like the sunset on the wave;
To thy lips my lips replying
Breathe the accents of the grave.
O my Queen, my Egypt, Venus!
Did I barter for a kiss
All the world we shared between us
To relinquish it like this?

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hold me fast in beauty's snare:
Ah, such kisses were worth buying
When the world was mine to share.

I renounced all kingly splendors,
Principalities for thee;
But this kiss thy soul surrenders
Pays for all that yet may be!

*Mark
Antony*

ADMONITIONS

BLIND not the soul of thy youth,
God is not blind;
Fill thou thy spirit with ruth,
With wisdom thy mind.

Yield not to woman's desire,
God will uphold:
Taint not with passions of mire
Love's garments of gold.

Seek not life's shrine to profane,
God will discern:
Pleasure is kindred to pain,
This thou must learn.

Think not that God will not hear,
Pray to Him still:
His glory, His presence is near,
If thy soul only will.

THE BARK OF DEATH

THERE is a bark upon that sea
Which men have named Eternity
Whose pilot is the angel Death!
No wandering winds, no quickening breath
Hath ever stirred this sable deep:
'T would seem in an eternal sleep
But for the motion of each wave,
Whose slow, vast surges, heaving, lave
The sands upon that silent shore
Whose margin is the Evermore.
And once, with jeweled crown of flame,
A winged and glorious seraph came
To Death, the helmsman of this bark
That voyages 'twixt dawn and dark,
And whispered to him, sweet and low,
"Our mighty Father bids thee go.
From henceforth am I bidden straight
To steer this vessel consecrate:
Lo, I am Life! and God divine
Has willed thy station should be mine."
Then Death wailed bitterly, and said,
"Have I this bark not piloted
From the creation till to-day,
Made passive to His mighty sway?
Ye in His smile of glory bask,
But I in darkness do my task.
O let me hold my ancient place
If I have fallen not from grace."
God heard, and sanctified his claim,
But crowned him with Life's crown of flame!
Thus Death still pilots evermore
Life's spirits to that other shore.

WORMWOOD

H AS the love we have wrought been made sweeter?
H Have the dreams we have dreamt been enjoyed?
Is our life through such passion completer?

Are our lips still unsated, uncloyed?
The hopes which we nurtured have perished,
The garlands we wreathed have died;
The beautiful tokens we cherished
Are torn from our souls and denied.

One sigh for the glory departed;
One tear for the bliss yet to be.
The flowers in my path which upstarted,
In vain were they gathered by me.
I breathed their fragrance so holy,
From passionate ardor made sweet;
And then when they withered as slowly,
I trod them with pain under feet.

The vow of our troth I surrender;
Its love I retain as my own:
So pure and so sweet and so tender,
'T is what I shall never disown.
'T is sacred to me, though unworthy
I proved to the passion of thine:
For I of the earth am too earthly,
And thou in thy love too divine.

Too divine to be mated and mingled
With one all whose heart is as fire;
Whom fate from the many has singled
To live as a slave to desire.

Wormwood

As one to be sadly ungrateful
To the bliss and the truth of love's troth;
Forsworn to the vows of the faithful,
And bringing but teen to the both.

Shall I plead for my youth to be pardoned ?
O plea for a shame unrepined!
Shall I plead that my heart has been hardened
By griefs which are quickly divined ?
What plea shall I make when I linger
Amidst the old fields of decay;
And within the sad soul of the singer
Fierce passions consume it away ?

What plea shall I make when the altar
Of holy affection is stained ?
The lips that were pleading would falter
To speak of the joys I disdained.
So weak in its passing devotion,
So strong in its soul of distrust,
Youth shatters love's cup, and its potion
Becomes but a dream of the dust.

For duty is fallen and blighted,
And faith is as Christ on the cross;
Though spirit with spirit united,
Could Love now redeem every loss ?
For fiercely the Seasons commingle
The draught they make bitter with tears;
In spirit still bound as if single,
Could Love now redeem us the years ?

One star in my dream keeps its luster;
One gem in my soul keeps its price:
And Hope whispers still, "Thou canst trust her,
 Her pure love shall more than suffice:
Shall suffice till united and blended
 The fruits of love's harvest you reap."
But I know that my dream has been ended,
 And I end it arising from sleep!

Wormwood

THE MORNING STAR

I THRILL with joy to view afar
 The pale resplendent morning star:
Radiant within the pearl-gray skies
Before the burning sun arise,
As each wan flower is glistening,
As early birds begin to sing,
It seems some vestal pure and fair
Within God's vast cathedral there.

It is the star in all the host
Of stars that I still love the most;
The star of hope, the star of love,
Who in those regions pure above,
Seems in its passionless repose
Like to a white and virgin rose
Placed by a seraph on that shrine
Whose holy incense blends with mine.

THE SUNSET

MY soul springs upward from its earthly pall,
And like a singing skylark seems to rise:
Is thine this blessing of my spirit's thrall,
O sunset! glorifying all the skies?
Whose clouds like flakes of crimson seem to fall,
Then roll upon each other, billow-wise?

First they assumed the hue of molten gold,
With rifts of blue between, where the low sun
Sped not his shafts. Then purple did enfold
The tremulous clouds of evening, one by one.
And then they seemed like angels aureoled
With sapphire crowns too bright to look upon.

There are no woods before me rich with green,
But yon auoreal clouds have changed their form
And seem to be some forest's rich desmene;
But filled with glowing tints and colors warm
Of the deep sunset, making the serene
Blue azure glow as lurid as a battle's storm.

No soft winds breathe around me but the hum
Of city toil and care. There is no stream
That from some mountain-nurtured lake doth come
To flow before me murmuring with its gleam:
But gazing at that sight I drink therefrom
The rapture of some poet's glorious dream.

I grew not up with nature; in my youth
I knew no forest haunts, no woodland wild,

Where I could pass life's blissful days of truth:
No such sweet joys my earlier years beguiled,
Bringing the comfort of so rich a routh,
And tempering my soul with visions of the child.

The Sunset

Ah, I had dwelt far happier with the birds;
Worshiping beautiful Spring when first she came,
With the sweet music of her joyous words
Calling each dewy blossom by its name;
And all the uplands pasturing the herds,
And all the forests filled as if with flame.

Yet am I blessed by such a splendid sight;
O vision! such as yet no poet knew!
O bright apocalypse in infinite
Vast realms of heaven! to my mortal view
Appearing myriad cherubim of light
Scattering splendors forth like unto dew!

But lulled to soft repose the beauteous sky
Is growing darker. Slowly sinks the sun,
The mighty mage of all those realms on high:
No longer do my eyes his glory shun.
I hear Night trail her silken vestments by;
Some stars as messengers before her run.

Are these the symbols of mortality?
Is such a glory but a beauteous dream?
And everything most beautiful we see
A sunset passed away, which nothing can redeem?
O vastness which surrounds us! what are we,
Who wail upon the margin of the stream?

The Sunset

All cadences, all harmonies proclaim
Some grand divine result of law still unrevealed;
Infinitude itself is but a name;
The stars commingle gloriously to yield
To man the awful mystery of the same,
Like tones from some eternal organ pealed!

O men could be archangels if they would!
Since as illimitable as yonder space
Is the vast scope our spirit hath for good;
And God Himself abides in every place.
Then let all men be one in Brotherhood,
Whatever their diversity of race.

IMMORTALITY

DO we discard this chrysalis of clay
To plume with pinions swift the spirit warm?
“The instrument of instruments, the form
Of forms” then growing visible to-day?
Millions have lived and died, and where are they?
The unsunned jewel recks not of the storm;
The caterpillar cares not for the worm:
Can life immortal mitigate decay?
“O undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns,” no lips respond,
No light reveals the mystery evermore!
We stand upon the threshold of what morn?
We peer into what regions vast beyond?
Listen to murmurs from what other shore?

THE DREAMER

HE spent her days in poring o'er romances
Of olden times, of golden-armored knights,
Of many a tournament on many a field;
Until the clearness of her virgin glances
Beneath her drooping eyelids did repine,
And she became as wan as acolytes
Within some ancient house of prayer concealed.
And yet more wonderfully pure and fair
Than some madonna with her aureoled hair.
But when her orbs unclosed themselves to mine,
Then did their tenderness, their ardent looks
For some bold hero which her treasured books
Had imaged to her heart show quickly forth,
To fade like pallid sunsets in the north.

Where were those smiles which once were wont to
 bless?

The glancing sunshine of her beauteous face?
The mellow merriment, the joyous stress
Of all her sweet emotions? Where the grace
And the lithe movements of her willowy form?
O let the lily bloom, she knows no sin:
For her no kisses nor caresses warm,
For all is snowy chastity within.
No more the rosy tints upon her cheeks
Will mock the budding rose. No more her brows
Will know Love's purple dawn upon their peaks,
When gentle lovers in some forest maze
Become enchanted underneath the boughs,
Or noble knights afield win ladies' praise.

The Dreamer To sleep were well, if death were but a sleep,
Her countenance forever seemed to say.
She seemed some ivory casket made to keep
A passion passionless for aye and aye.
To die for love would be a honeyed end
Of all existence — this was still her thought.
She yearned for one in whom she could discern
Knightly demeanor with such beauty blend
As she in her pure phantasy had wrought.
Dimmer and dimmer did her spirit burn;
The snowflakes softly fell on branch and spray,
And she became more wan and more forlorn:
Until her spirit passed upon a day.
When the first robin sang upon the thorn.

The gods were gentle to her that she died,
Ere bitter truth could lacerate her heart:
Ere that from visions pale so dreamy-eyed
By ruthless Sorrow she was forced to part.
And though existence was for her a trance,
What lips can mock its littleness and worth?
Forever did she see the retinue
Of noble knights that made her soul's romance
A glittering pageant of this common earth.
Forever passed before her mortal view
Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinever, love-bound,
And all the wonder of the Table Round.
For these she pinéd as sunflower for the sun:
So lived, so died she when her dream was done.

MISANTHROPOS

THERE are moments of sorrow we cannot forget;
O where can we borrow a balm for regret?
There are feelings of sadness that lead to despair;
Life's sunshine is gladness, its shadow is Care.

There are tears for those sleeping the sleep of the
grave;
What casket is keeping the deeds of the brave?
There are voids in each bosom wherever you stray,
The loveliest blossom must wither some day.

There are sighs from the weary and moans from the
bold;
For life still is dreary whatever be told.
And when two are parted the love that remains
Lives on broken-hearted, a spirit in chains.

There are hopes full of burdens that tell of a past
No joy with its guerdons can banish at last;
Deep thoughts with sad meaning, like sounds in a
shell,
And white bosoms screening the scarlet of hell!

There are goals for the winning and crowns for the
same,
But more dream of sinning than striving for fame;
Life's joys are so fleeting we clasp them in vain,
The years keep repeating their legend of pain.

There are those wandering blindly life's pathways
along;
There are those deemed unkindly, unkindly through
wrong.

Misanthropos Remembrance would cherish its joys to the last,
But the flowers that perish are those of the past.

Such is fate of the sternest since being began,
To dust thou returnest was spoken of man;
The stars in his heaven gleam hopefully bright,
But the soul and its leaven are hidden from sight.

And brooding and mourning we live to the last,
Our hearts full of scorning midst nature so vast:
We see that the ages wear death on their brow,
We know that life's pages are turned from us now.

Can daylight returning from vastness so dark
Become the flame burning within the shrined ark?
Can souls that surrender their visions divine
Be dazed by the splendor that comes from its shrine?

No glory is left us, no wonders in stone;
Our gods are bereft us, they lie overthrown:
The years are effacing the poems we wrote,
And man seems disgracing his laurels remote.

What is left by the leaving of life on this earth?
The spirit receiving surrenders its birth.
To death we are mated, with death disappear;
Thus, briefly related, 't is all written here!

I CHERISH THEE

I CHERISH thee with thoughts too pure
To think that flattery could gain
What simple faith cannot procure
Nor true fidelity obtain.

For all thy womanhood and worth,
Its perfect tenderness and truth,
Are beautiful enough on earth
Without the fleeting grace of youth.

And these through all the wretchedness
The years may bring for soul to dree,
Shall never fill my life the less,
But still be all in all to me.

FAILURE OR SUCCESS?

O WONDERFUL myth of Apollo the god, who
once tended Admetus' sheep!
The words of the wise becoming fulfilled, ere we soar
we must learn to creep.
Will the world forever reward success? Must failure
forever seem
A cry in the night from some far height that scarcely
disturbs our dream?

Who blazoned the many trails whereon the multitude
now may tread?
How many broad highways of life were once narrow
paths to the dead?
O better the agony of defeat, and to fail in a glorious
cause,
Than that for the sake of some petty success the world
in its progress should pause.

Not always the laureled brow of one who sits in the
temple of Fame;
Not always the luster, as of the sun, that haloed a
splendid name,
Can tell of the bitter battle of life: nor imperishably
express
The worth of the diamond Koh-i-noor that flames in
the crown of Success!

THE VISIONS OF KING SOLOMON

THE visions of King Solomon the Wise:
For many nights the king had seen arise
A brilliant star above him in the skies.

Brilliant, yet filling all his soul with dread,
So multicolored were the rays it shed
Through his vast palace casements overhead.

And wonder in his people thence arose,
And fear, which like a poisonous weed still grows,
Till Faith's hand blights it, saying, "God, He
knows."

And many gathered in highways to speak,
Many incredulous and many meek,
Wond'ring what malison the star would wreak.

While on the king's broad brow this weight of care
Sat like the dusky shadow of Despair;
And clammy dew was in his silvered hair

When from his pillared portico at night
He saw the flaming star appear in sight,
So fearfully and wonderfully bright.

One night when dewy slumber, that sweet rose,
Denied him the rich balm of deep repose,
For restless is the sleep a ruler knows,

He threw a gorgeous mantle, soft as down,
Around his shoulders, and, devoid of crown,
Paced slow his royal chamber of renown.

*The Visions
of King
Solomon* A massive chain of jewels on his breast
Betrayed with every step the strange unrest
Which in his heart abode, a vulture guest.

And ever as he walked his thoughts to speech
Flowed, as the billows flowing on a beach,
That murmur mystic music each to each.

The cressets pendent in that spacious hall
Revealed distinctly every cedar wall,
Or the vast ceiling overarching all.

Its massy columns overlaid with gold
Huge carven beams of cedar did uphold,
Wrought with great toil and cunning manifold.

Here slowly pacing up and down he mused:
“ How came these thoughts of God thus interfused
With man’s great spirit, whether blessed or bruised ?

“ Or Gods, for many worship more than one ?
My father David prophesied the Son;
Perchance the progeny hath but begun.

“ Nay, it is written, ‘ In the beginning made
God heaven and earth.’ And shall I be afraid
To reap the profit when the price was paid ?

“ Yet how define His essence ? Shall it be
As of some Absolute Reality ?
Or as an infinite, ideal Me ?

“ O that this mystery which life surrounds,
Its miracle of colors and of sounds,
Would pass beyond its everlasting bounds!

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

“ Or its eternal law could be repealed,
And in a multitude of forms concealed
Become but founts divine of love revealed.

“ Do everlasting ministers then brood
In infinite love or rapt beatitude
Over our lives of evil and of good ?

“ Then what seem intuitions of the will
Were moulded by a vaster Power still,
And sequent law would love divine fulfill.

“ Ah, but such love we only may suppose;
Whereas law operates in all that grows,
Or moves, or breathes, or sentient being knows.

“ Yet how can ever man unweave the coil
Of the immutable elements that foil
The life he fain would live upon the soil ?

“ Is it by sacrifice of myrrh and balm,
By importunity of prayer and psalm,
That God is stirred in His eternal calm ?

“ This roll papyrus open in my hand
Readeth, ‘ Why should we evermore demand
God to reveal what none could understand ? ’

*The Visions
of King
Solomon* “ And since what God was, is, and yet shall be
Eludes forever, who hath eyes to see
In darkness, when the light is mystery ?

“ Hath he not tempered us with smiles, and tears;
Made life and death the gateways of our years,
And then destroys the temple which He rears ?

“ Is it for us to justify His will,
Nor rather subjugate our reason still:
The cup once empty who the cup can fill ?

“ And since the cup so bountifully filled
In bitter drops of agony is spilled,
O wherefore was the wine at all distilled ?

“ The generations perish one by one:
What profiteth a man when all is done,
Since there is no new thing beneath the sun ?

“ Doth God distinguish between man and beast;
Or say, ‘ Thou art the greatest, thou the least ’ ?
No, one and all are bidden to the feast.

“ And having fed to fullness, one by one
We go to where is neither moon nor sun;
The feasting ended and the music done.

“ Doth the fool reason thus, or kneel to pray ?
Darkened are all his windows to the day;
No light illumines the temple of his clay.

“ Yet, yet, why God at all? Or why suppose
An Artisan hath made this world of shows:
Or a Creator crimson-hued the rose?

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

“ Since nature is so absolutely vast,
How separate the future from the past
To reconcile a first cause with the last?

“ Shall man alone, with life so frail and brief,
Whose days are sorrow and his travail grief,
Accept the burden of such vast belief?

“ Ascent of man to God? How can the soul
Be ultimately blended with the Whole,
If immortality is not its goal?

“ O happier the fool is with his lot,
Who never questions if God is or not,
Than I a king, and of a king begot!

“ Yet had I walked in darkness like the fool,
And never deemed the world was but a school,
Were I a ruler who were fit to rule?

“ Were I contented then, though not a king?
No. Though some magic talisman could bring
To swift reality the thoughts which spring

“ Like music in my heart, still were it, No!
O vanity of vanities! when woe
Still follows wisdom; and this wondrous show,

The Visions of King Solomon “ In its ostent of pageantries sublime,
Through all the vast vicissitudes of time
And circle of the year in every clime,

“ In certainty of sequence still presents
A similar succession of events,
Though clad in variate habiliments.

“ Who laid the vast foundations of the deep ?
Or gave the winds their wings whereby they sweep
Like chaff away the harvests men would reap ?

“ Are not the stars but lamps before His court,
Within whose gardens cool He doth resort
To watch this life of ours which makes Him sport ?

“ God ! — Is it Fate or Chance ! How oft 't is found
That wisdom sits not always with the crowned;
And in the halls of judgment fools abound.

“ And one shall be a king and yet be cursed,
Though all the springs of glory quench his thirst:
And who gives sentence which is best or worst ?

“ And one shall be a beggar and be trod
Into the dust, and hailed as Ichabod;
And yet shall he attain to be like God.

“ And this is vanity, that where we fail
Through wisdom, oft through power we can prevail;
Made proof against whatever foes assail.

“ O that I could discard this garb uncouth,
These kingly vestments, and become a youth
Still constant to my dreams of perfect truth!

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

“ Lo, I am king of Israel! Will my name
Be robed in glory or be linked with shame
When I return to dust, from which I came?

“ I was not born a shepherd on the hills,
Like David. Each his destiny fulfills;
To each allotted as Jehovah wills.

“ And yet he was a king, and gained a goal
He sought not, when the fierce and turbid soul
Of Saul pursued him as the thunders roll.

“ O brother kings, who glory in your sway
O'er multitudes, will there not come a day
When we shall be compounded with their clay?

“ Our sweet mouths filled with dust; our judgments
 found
False; and the thrones whereon we sat renowned
Destroyed by some vast whirlwind from the ground.

“ O vanity of vanities! Will we then
Glory? Being dishonored by all men;
Our chronicles written with an iron pen.

“ O vanity of vanities! Will we reap
Fruit then, when we have gone to our long sleep;
And the dust covers us over in a heap?

*The Visions
of King
Solomon* “ Will they not say who come to mock our grave,
‘ Lo, life was theirs and all the good it gave,
And now they lie as low as any slave’ ?

“ Was it for this I sought in my domain
All wisdom worthy for a king to gain ?
O vanity of vanities ! all proved vain.

“ Since wisdom brought me sorrow, I said, Lo,
I will seek pleasure, in the lips that show
Like roses ; in the young heart like a roe.

“ And this was vanity. Then I sought to cheer
My heart with wine — O folly guiding fear ! —
No comfort found my spirit even here.

“ All that could satiate a soul’s desire,
Which I had brought from Sidon and from Tyre,
I joyed not, for they seared my soul like fire.

“ Yea, all these vast possessions I possess,
The opulence of power, became no less
An utter mockery and weariness.

“ Shall I not on departing here remit
Their wealth and glory to some soul less fit ?
And O the bitter vanity of it !

“ For hoard or squander treasures as we choose,
Accept life’s stipulation or refuse,
God has arranged it so that we must lose.

“ Were joy the measure of our meed of praise,
Could we contend with Him for means and ways
To fill with rapture our brief length of days ?

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

“ Shall I withhold my heart from any joy
For fear that He might ask, ‘ Doth life annoy,
That all thy soul is bent on such employ ? ’

“ O foolish wisdom, thus to seek content !
A fool were wiser in a life thus spent
Than I, a king, misdoubting the event.

“ I dreamed that life was joy and labor sweet :
Yet who will mark the passage of my feet
Then, when the mourners go about the street ;

“ And darkened be the windows, and the low
Voices of Israel’s daughters wail their woe,
And all my glory with my life will go ?

“ O bubble dreams of glory ! in a breath
Created, and destroyed as soon by death ;
Do not fools mock our wisdom’s shibboleth ?

“ There is no revelation in the dust :
We must accept the world itself on trust,
With all its vast disparities unjust.

“ O thirst for wisdom God alone could sate !
If I were willing to submit to fate,
Would it then lead me to the very gate ?

The Visions “ Search out, O God, the wisdom of my heart;
of King We come in vanity and we depart
Solomon In darkness. Where hath life a bitterer smart ?

“ Is it not Thine unalterable doom ?
As we came naked from our mother's womb,
So naked must we go into the tomb !

“ If star with star were only interknit,
Then to each star could I my soul remit;
Then were its splendors with each star relit.

“ No egress by that door. Could fate retract,
There were then no divinity in the act
Which gave the soul whatever gift it lacked

“ Of Power, or Wealth, or Wisdom. Soul must suit
With circumstance: must eat life's bitter fruit
As its apportionment from the Absolute.

“ Look at the world of men on every side:
Kingdoms expanded; Power still amplified
To pamper prodigality and pride.

“ All the simplicities of life destroyed:
Vast wealth and yet still vaster wealth employed
That sensuality may not be cloyed.

“ O thou bright star! hast heard what I have said ?
Is life a mystery which may be read ?
Speakest thou to the living of the dead ?

“ Is it a menace which thy message hath ?
And has my soul, departing from the path
Of duty, thus provoked His bitter wrath ?

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

“ I will consult the seers; perchance they may
Dispel this strange unrest of mine away.
The somber skies are turning into gray;

“ The banner of the darkness droops and falls;
And from the temple gates the Levite calls.
I see the watchmen standing on the walls;

“ Innumerably wan amidst the gloom,
They seem like living sentinels of doom
That guard the entrance to some granite tomb.

“ And yon mysterious star no less appears
A portent. Hath infirmity of years
Weakened my sense ? I will consult the seers.”

Thus he to whom each mystery men glazed
Lay in his piercing brain a flower reposed,
Which gradually its inmost depth disclosed,

Brooded in vain over the vast abyss
That separates the world of God from this,
Not having faith to cross the precipice.

And when each subtle interchange of thought
Had in his massive mind a meaning wrought,
Yet could not clasp the clue for which he sought,

*The Visions
of King
Solomon* He summoned to him his Chaldean seers;
Men bowed beneath the burden of the years,
Whose mighty wisdom made them his compeers.

They came in their austerity of age,
Arrayed in garments as beseem the sage
Preparing for death's endless pilgrimage.

Through many columned sentinels of stone
They passed into the chamber of his throne,
Where he, the king, awaited them alone.

Then one, the eldest, made obeisance meek,
And said, "King Solomon, ere thou dost speak,
Thy quest we know and know what thou wouldest seek.

"Yon star, in those eternal scrolls we read,
Yon star, what is it? Is it star indeed,
Or sundered from some star which was its seed?

"Seed of all stars, and star of all of them;
And in Jehovah's crown its richest gem;
Seed of the Holy Star of Bethlehem!

"For One, descended from thy royal line,
O king, yet deemed of origin divine,
Shall be announced by such a wondrous sign.

"Kings will attend his birth, from many ways
Summoned, and guided by the mystic rays
Of yonder star's divine immaculate blaze.

“ With gifts of myrrh and frankincense and gold
Will they go seek him, as it shall be told,
And find him cradled in a manger’s fold.

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

“ One whose divinest reign will never cease,
But more and more in glory will increase:
Lord Jesus Christ, Messiah, Prince of Peace!

“ Greater than all earth’s kings, because his throne
Shall be within the hearts of men alone:
Yet will the world reject him for its own.

“ Behold these visions! First we break the seal
That binds thine eyes with darkness, and reveal
The Lord of Healing in the act to heal.”

Then Solomon was suddenly aware
One of the cedared walls was lit, like air
By lightning, and he saw this vision there.

* * * *

All of Jerusalem was at his feet —
Temple and towers and palaces complete
Beneath the splendor of the noonday heat.

And in the valley where the Kedron flowed
Were caravans and camels with their load
Of treasures, following the winding road

Past where Mount Olivet divinely gleamed:
And all so wonderfully real it seemed
That the king marveled if he saw or dreamed.

*The Visions
of King
Solomon* Near to the temple builded in his name
A multitude was gathered, of the lame,
Sick, halt, and blind; and still they came and came,

As if by some enchantment thither drawn.
And Solomon felt his heart within him thaw'n,
For in their midst, like some pale star of dawn,

One with a countenance divinely calm
Seemed scattering from each wide-extended palm
The benediction of some magic balm.

For straightway maimed and halt upon their feet
Sprang healed, and ran with joy their friends to greet:
And all were stirred like fields of wind-stirred wheat.

Compassionate, transcendently benign
In aspect, in the Healer's face did shine
The radiance of some luminous love divine.

And as the Presence passed upon his way,
Some bowed adoringly, some knelt to pray,
For having seen such miracles that day.

* * * *

The seer spake, "Wilt thou still reaffirm,
O king, to whom all wisdom is a term,
That man is nought superior to the worm ?

"Wilt thou confound the soul with its attire,
And deem it still begotten of the mire ?
This vision answers thee and thy desire;

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

“ Revealing thee divinity in dust.
Since Sinai not availed thee that thou must
Thus rend thy soul of wisdom with distrust.

“ Was it a part of wisdom to constrain
Thy soul to cry — more bound to joy than pain —
O vanity of vanities! all is vain?

“ And not the rather gratefully reflect
How, since thy life had been with glory decked,
Duty compelled thee to be circumspect?

“ Then Israel had not seen her king too prone
To worship other gods beside her own,
In cunning images of gold and stone.

“ Wherefore the sacred ark of God enshrined
Within the Holy of Holies, if thy mind
Was unto such idolatries inclined?

“ Wherefore yon mighty temple then upraised
In silence? Sung for whom those psalms that praised
The Lord thy God? O king, art thou amazed?

“ Suppose that God had made His message plain —
‘ Stand forth, King Solomon, till I arraign
Thy soul, thou chosen king of my domain!

“ ‘ Henceforth of all its splendors I denude
Thy life. Pass onward into solitude,
Ignoble king of an ignoble brood.’

*The Visions
of King
Solomon* “ Hadst thou accepted such a life beyond
Without a groan ? Nor hastened to respond,
‘ O Lord, what of Thy covenant and its bond

“ ‘ To all of Abraham’s seed ? ’ Then peace, be still !
It is the letter of the law doth kill:
Behold, how God reveals to thee His will.”

* * * *

The vision changed, and Solomon seemed to be
Departing from the cities by the sea,
And come unto the lake in Galilee.

A multitude was gathered on its shore;
And that divinest Presence seen before
Among them healed the sick and maimed once more.

Power went forth from him, like unto light
Radiating from a star, which maketh bright
Even the vastness of the infinite.

Was it the faith wherein his soul was sure,
Was it his features beautifully pure
That wrought each wondrous miracle and cure ?

All whom he touched he healed, and down they knelt
Before the holy Presence seen and felt;
Since God with them had mercifully dealt.

Upon the lake the golden sunset gleamed;
It filled the fields with glory, till it seemed
All nature wore the look of one redeemed.

Then at commandment given by the Lord,
The multitude reclined as though at board
Upon the green grass of a sloping sward.

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

And being separated into bands,
There cometh one to where the Presence stands
And placeth bread and fishes in his hands:

And he brake bread and blessed, and, blessing said,
Lo, all that mighty multitude was fed
With those few fishes and few loaves of bread!

* * * *

Again the seer spake, “ Seems God less strict
Than man in judgment ? Shall He interdict
The freedom of thy soul then to convict ?

“ Consider but God’s goodness. Call to account
His mercies — infinite in their amount —
His love — as inexhaustible as a fount —

“ And yet how many upon earth who live
Unconscious of the good He loves to give,
Though God so bounteously is contributive !

“ What didst thou hope to see ? A king whose power
And glory were like unto Babel’s tower,
Whose builders He confounded in an hour ?

“ What didst thou hope to see ? A potentate
Like unto mighty Pharaoh in his state,
In one day stricken from the scroll of fate ?

The Visions of King Solomon “The earth groans with the weight she bears thereof:
And who shall lessen it, if God above
Reveal not His compassion and His love?

“Wouldst thou have greater proof of God’s intent,
As when the thunder speaks the storm is spent?
Wouldst have God sue thee for acknowledgment

“Because these miracles thou hast seen wrought
Collide with certain reasons of thy thought?
How else shall man’s faith in God’s love be sought

“Unless unboundedly his soul receives
The evidence thus given, and believes
Such love a world impenitent reprieves.

“Blessed shall they be then who can say they saw
Living, the living spirit of the law;
And love with reverence and believe with awe.

“‘Insomuch will ye do it unto me
By doing it to the least of these,’ shall be
His pure insignia of divinity.

“‘Give, and it shall be given to thee: knock,
And it shall open.’ Yet the world will mock,
Though he give all and lo, death’s door unlock!”

* * * *

Along the road that leads from Bethany
A group of men and women seemed to be
Through some great sorrow walking mournfully.

The women lifted up their hands and wailed,
And in the heavy dust their tresses trailed,
As if the light of all their life had failed.

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

The men more quietly, yet none the less
Stricken by grief which they could not repress,
Walked onward with their hearts in heaviness.

When lo, the holy Presence! in whose face,
Never once marred by thoughts impure or base,
There shone surpassing love, surpassing grace.

Clad in a flowing priestly talith white,
He seemed to lead them like a pillar of light:
And O the blessed comfort of the sight!

But when they reached the entrance to a cave,
Whose slab of stone revealed it was a grave,
Then Jesus wept. Was it too late to save?

Some men went forth and rolled the stone away:
Like unto new life broke the light of day
Into the cave. And Jesus bowed to pray.

He bowed and prayed. Who knows what prayer he
said?

And outward from the cavern of the dead
Came one with graveclothes wound about his head,

And wound about his body for a girth,
All stained and clammy from his couch of earth:
And lo, the dead a second time had birth!

* * * *

The Visions of King Solomon " Speak now, King Solomon," the seer resumed: " Is it the spirit that shall be entombed, Or is it but the body that is doomed ?

" Why should not man indubitably claim Preëminence over beasts ; since in His name Created, and in image made the same ?

" Didst thou perceive one fate attends them both, Yet not consider the diviner troth Whereby man's spirit blends with Sabbaoth ?

" Eat, drink, be merry; for to-morrow ye die ! O woeful wisdom to be guided by ! Too cowardly to affirm or to deny.

" Look at man's labor: seems it unexplained By any ultimate event attained ? Yet step by step some progress hath been gained.

" New pathways through primeval forests dark; New heights whereon the world can set its mark; New seas for which brave seamen may embark !

" And men shall struggle onward, though they fail, And each achievement seem without avail: Forevermore ascending in the scale

" Of being. Yet partaking of the fruit That qualifies their passionate pursuit Of Knowledge, seeking for the Absolute.

“Seeking divine perfection with the stress
Of exaltation, till they blend no less
Their love with God’s supreme inclusiveness.”

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

* * * *

Then, as if woven by some mystic loom,
King Solomon beheld a somber room
Spacious, although low-vaulted like a tomb.

A few dim lamps its little light increased,
And in the midst a table set for feast:
The lamb slain in the temple by the priest,

The savory herbs, the paschal loaves, the wine —
Around it did a group of men recline,
And Christ among them was the host divine.

He blessed the food and served and gave to each:
But still they eat not, listening to his speech,
For these the Master most would love to teach.

— The king had given kingdoms to have heard
Of all that Jesus spake then but a word —
Then round his waist a towel Christ did gird,

And as if no submissiveness was unmeet,
And with a smile angelically sweet,
He knelt and washed all his disciples’ feet.

Then took his place again, resigned and meek;
And as inaudibly he began to speak
With shame seemed flushed each bronzed disciple’s
cheek.

*The Visions
of King
Solomon* Then took he up the loaf and blessed and brake,
As Solomon had seen him by the lake,
As if to say, "This do ye for my sake,"

And gave to each. Then took he up the gourd
And wine in each disciple's cup he poured,
And lo, it seemed the red blood of the Lord!

* * * *

Then as the vision faded into night
The seer asked, "What think'st thou of this sight,
Wherein man's stature towered to its height ?

" Holdest thou such a servitude amiss ?
From lowest life to highest realms of bliss
Could God reveal a greater love than this ?

" Shall such humility not be allowed
To render dispensation to the proud ?
How else shall God's elation be avowed ?

" The meek in spirit shall inherit earth:
Whatever be thy station or thy birth,
With such a balance God will weigh thy worth.

" Consider thy dominions,— are they spanned
And held as tributary to thy hand ?
Yet are they unto Him but grains of sand.

" Power ? — Didst thou not scorn it, made exempt
From power through wisdom ? Was thy proud con-
tempt
Only the figment of a soul which dreamt ?

“ Wisdom ? — most inconceivably divine
In essence, and to such a soul as thine
The very tabernacle of His shrine;

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

“ Worth more than thousand Ophirs delved afar;
Was this a harmony which nought could mar,
Yet trembled at the aspect of a star ?

“ Consider if thy soul hath yet appealed
To God like yonder lilies of the field,
In whom is true beatitude revealed.

“ Consider if thy wisdom hath increased
God’s mercy to the greatest and the least:
God’s love for man; God’s care of bird and beast.

“ Consider if thy wisdom can augment
His glory. Is it not a sunbeam spent
In darkness of the myriads He hath sent ?

“ Wouldst thou all wisdom turn into a dirge ?
What of the spirit that helped man emerge
From animality to manhood’s verge ?

“ Topple down all the temples of thy pride!
Thou wilt not find the universe too wide
For thy great spirit therein to abide.

“ Is it not with transcendent faith imbued
That man regenerates, and hath renewed
The world which mocked at his ineptitude ?

*The Visions
of King
Solomon* “The ages and their purposes are vast;
In God there is no future and no past.
Behold, the hour of Man hath come at last!”

* * * *

The Garden of Gethsemane lay pale
In moonlight: and the sentries of the vale,
The olive-trees, seemed clad in silvered mail.

The stars shone clear; the night was not yet spent:
Slowly along the flowery ascent
The Saviour and his twelve disciples went.

Then passed he on alone, and near the bole
Of an old tree in prayer revealed his soul;
The last great agony before the goal.

And thrice he prayed, and thrice he came and found
Those who were with him sleeping on the ground.
Then seemed it they were wakened by some sound

That broke the holy stillness of the night.
And lo, ascending to the moon-lit height,
A band of rugged men appeared in sight,

Armed, and approaching to the sacred tryst:
And of these one came forth and ran and kissed
The pure lips of the pale Evangelist.

Can love ineffable be turned to scorn ?
No look not born of light, of love not born,
Those features beatific marred that morn.

But smilingly, as some fair god of stone,
He faced the captors come to claim their own;
Through all the tumult undisturbed alone.

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

For one impatiently had grasped his sword
And smote the ear of one amidst the horde:
To which extended forth his hand the Lord

Of Healing, and the man straightway was healed.
Then captive and his captors crossed a field
Of lilies and in darkness were concealed.

* * * *

The seer spake anew: “ Could wisdom’s shield
Defend thee and the scepter thou dost wield,
If God should meet thee on the battle-field ?

“ Dost thou conceive creation as a mask
For the Creator ? Then as well to ask
Why undertaken His stupendous task ?

“ Why not life rather as a minor chord
Whereon man’s spirit learnt to play, then soared
To sing its diapason to the Lord ?

“ What else was manifested to thy sight
In yonder symbol of the infinite
But God’s love, given as the sun gives light ?

“ Could such a lofty intellect as thine
Refuse God credence for whatever sign
Was vouchsafed thee of all His love divine ?

*The Visions
of King
Solomon* “ Had but thy wisdom sought for such a proof
Of God’s love, widely strewn in man’s behoof,
Thou never hadst conceived Him as aloof

“ From His creation. But convinced thy sense
How, from minutest things to most immense,
God’s love forever is in evidence!

“ What revelation wouldst thou have declare
God immanent in spirit everywhere;
Soul to thy soul, as light is to the air ?

“ O bitter disillusionment complete!
Were God’s divinest revelation meet
The very stones would cry beneath thy feet:

“ The deep seas become vocal, and the hills,
With all the music of their thousand rills,
Speak of the love which all creation fills.

“ And star with star, and flower with flower confer
Of that great love which God to man doth bear,
With all its vast immensity of care!

“ For if, regarding nature, you assume
No immanence of deity, you doom
Mankind to dwell as in a living tomb.

“ A tomb from which no issuance can be;
No resurrection setting spirit free
Through Love and God and Immortality.

*The Visions
of King
Solomon*

“ No individuation of the soul
Seeking divine completion in the Whole;
To life no purpose, since through death no goal.

“ Creation never conscious of its own
Creator—dwelling in Himself alone—
Man’s spirit then were petrified to stone :

“ Nor flowed to rapture, nor received in bliss
God’s revelation of Himself, who is
Himself the essence of all essences:

“ And seeks revealment of Himself in man,
As of a spirit that loves, wills, and can;
Therefore shall Christ be God’s Samaritan!

“ Merciful to man’s sinfulness, and pure,
Though all our evil burdens he endure;
Born that all men salvation may secure.

“ Brighter than sunlight, holier than all good;
In him all perfect wisdom understood:
In him all love, all truth, all brotherhood!

“ Light unto darkness; hope unto despair;
Strength unto weakness; teaching men to bear
Life’s heavy burdens of remorse and care.

“ Balm unto sorrow; to man’s trivial ways
Commiserative; and with golden rays
Of love and kindness filling all his days.

The Visions of King Solomon “And is not such transcendent faith indeed
Worth all men’s living? Yet who will succeed,
But one found willing on the cross to bleed?

“ King Solomon, behold! Only one scene
Remains : revealing thee the Nazarene
Crowned as the king of all his vast demesne.”

* * * *

A supernatural splendor seemed to fill
The chamber, and divinest music thrill
The air : then suddenly all again was still.

Darkness had overcast the firmament:
Black cloud colossi, as they came and went,
In shafts of lightning their blind fury spent.

And by their glare saw Solomon, side by side,
Three crosses on a hillock bare and wide;
And on each cross a creature crucified.

The midst of these — O vision to behold!—
Was Christ, the Shepherd, dying for his fold:
And on his cross, above his head, was scrolled

“ King of the Jews,” in Latin, Hebrew, Greek.
Then darkness shrouded Golgotha’s dread peak,
And hid that figure crowned with thorns, and meek.

* * * *

“Thou shudderest,” spake the seer. “Wouldst con- *The Visions*
tend *of King*
He had no part in God, whose tragic end *Solomon*
Was here vouchsafed for thee to apprehend?

“How else fulfill the Law? How else induce
Mankind to have faith in Love’s holiest use,
Unless poured forth from such a living cruse?

“How justify the ways of God to man?
In the beginning was the Word, began
God with the Word, God was the Word: so ran

“The ancient Logos that shall be the new.
Each vision here presented to thy view
Taught thee transcendent reasons thereunto.

“One star is first to pierce the night of gloom;
And one fair palm-tree first must come to bloom
Ere God redeems the desert from its doom.

“By choosing thus to be earth’s denizen,
By thus surrendering his life to men,
Shall Christ be known as the Messiah then!

“The world is groaning with its burden vast:
The pillars of the temples of the past
Are crumbling, and will fall to earth at last.

“Not in men’s hearts which are like blocks of wood,
Unconscious of both Love and Brotherhood,
Is God perceived as the Eternal Good.

The Visions of King Solomon “A quickening spirit man’s frail nature needs:
A spirit that will fill the world with deeds
Of light, above all dogmas and all creeds.

“Helping the prostrate souls of men to spring
Upwards, till God is seen in everything!
This spirit is the spirit Christ will bring.

“Equality before the Law: Man’s Might
Becoming tempered by his love of Right;
And blending all in God’s love infinite!

“Who then shall help the widow in distress,
Or give unto the poor and fatherless,
Him to the Father will the Son confess.

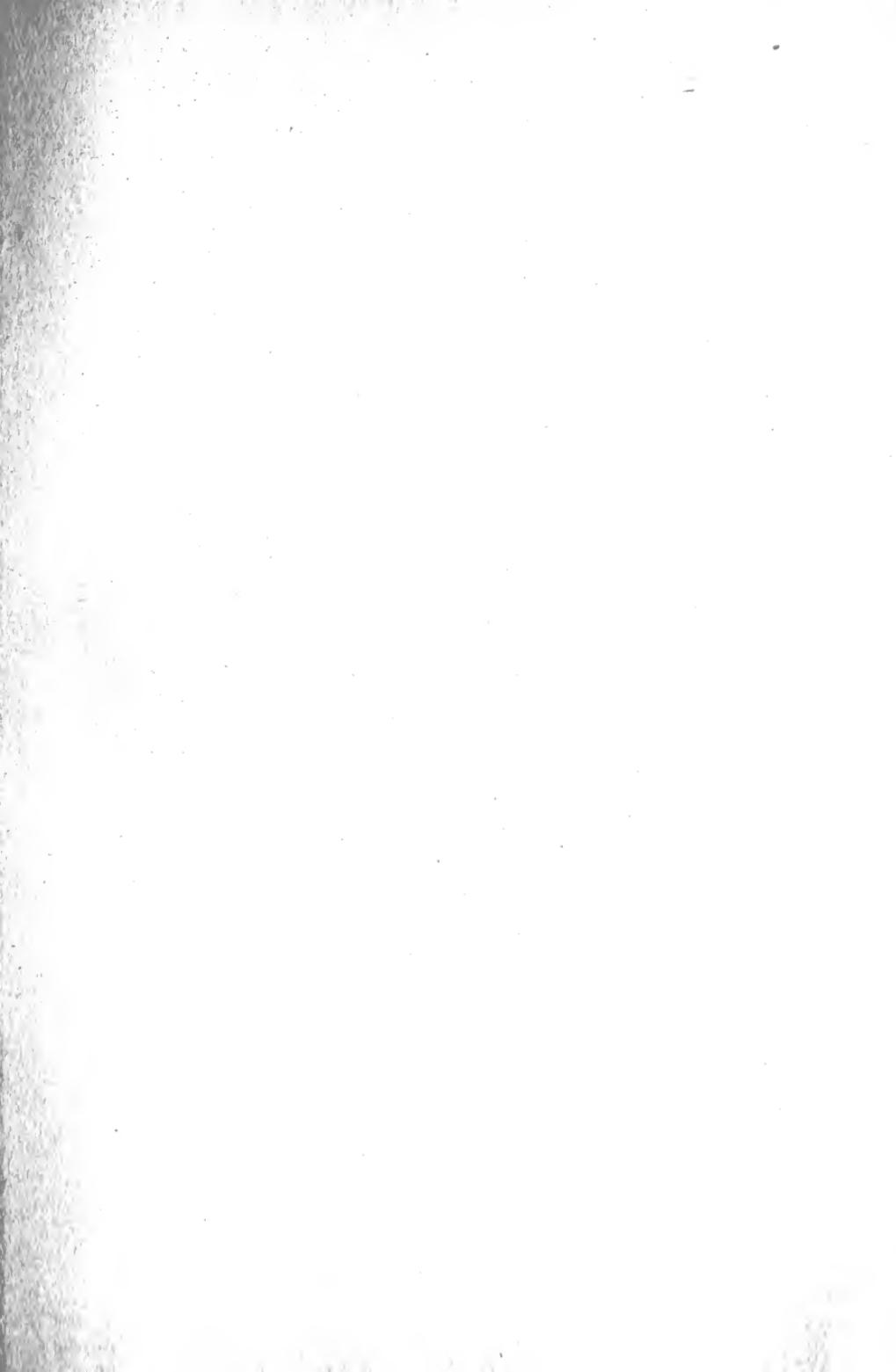
“And yonder star will shine above them when
The angels bring their glorious tidings then,
‘Peace unto earth, and good-will unto men.’

“Having foretold thee Christ of Nazareth,
Yon star was sent thee to announce thy death.
Dost thou believe ? ” the seer questioneth.

“And I believe,” King Solomon made reply;
“And having seen, I am prepared thereby
To lay my life down, like a king, and die!”

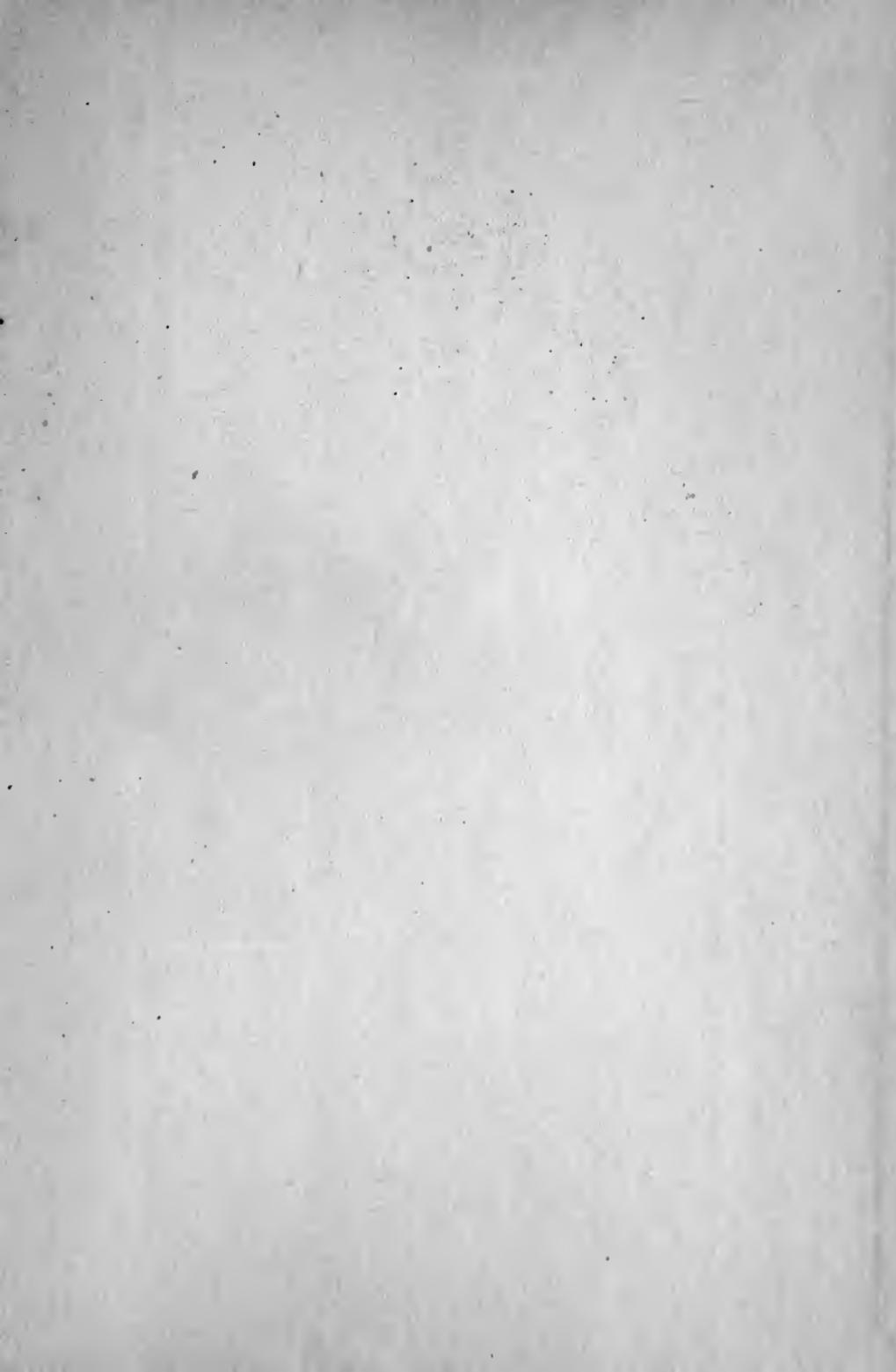
TO THE MUSE

I WHO have loved thee pure from all asoil,
Have never sought thee in the haunts of men,
But held thee stainless, and with lofty pen
Have wrought for thee with unremitting toil,
Still burning at thy shrine the midnight oil,
O how shall I appease thee, Goddess, when
Thou wilt not of my house be denizen,
And all my gifts upon my head recoil ?
O not for glory, nor for fame's award,
I follow on thy footsteps fleet and far.
From youth to manhood passionately adored,
Thy beauty still is my soul's radiant star!
Will'st thou I change my pen into a sword ?
And if I smite me, wilt thou heal the scar ?



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